



BERKELEY  
LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

816


B17



Rec 1  
18

From the Author ..

F. Josephine Wallis



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

# SERMONS IN SONNETS;

WITH

A TEXT ON THE NEW YEAR:

AND

Other Poems.

BY

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.

1798-1868

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1851.

LOAN STACK

LONDON:  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEPRIARS

PR  
5671  
T35  
A17  
1851  
MA12

PRELIMINARY DEDICATION.



I WITH no human name this book inscribe,  
 But, in my secret soul, I dedicate  
 Aught that of earthly praise its course may wait  
 To one—who scorn'd of ease th' inglorious bribe  
 And would, methinks, have scorn'd all scorn and gibe  
 To seek me in a crisis of my fate :—  
 One, who of Faithfulness did emulate  
 The choicest deeds. Unlike the specious tribe  
 Who seek us in our sorrow but to feed  
 Some low self-end—who quench returning joy  
 With jealous fear—and, when the rude decoy  
 Laughs out betray'd, desert us at our need.  
 To such, Forgiveness—but, sweet friend, to thee  
 A gentle homage render'd silently !





## CONTENTS.



Page

THE MONTHS . . . . .	1
THE NEW YEAR . . . . .	19
SERMONS IN SONNETS . . . . .	39
THE TWO MANSIONS . . . . .	151
THE BREEZE . . . . .	177
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—	
LINES WRITTEN NEAR INNSPRUCK . . . . .	193
SATURDAY EVENING . . . . .	195
ROMANS XIV. . . . .	197
PROEM TO AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA . . . . .	199
TO THE DEPARTED ONE . . . . .	214
RAIN AND SUNSHINE . . . . .	215
STANZAS . . . . .	216
LINES WRITTEN AT ANSPACH . . . . .	218

	Page
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—	
LINES WRITTEN AT HUNSTANTON, NORFOLK . . . . .	219
TO — — — . . . . .	221
TO MY MAKER . . . . .	222
DESPONDENCY. WRITTEN AT COMO . . . . .	223
FRAGMENT . . . . .	225
FRAGMENT . . . . .	226
ON POETRY . . . . .	227
WRITTEN ON THE SUMMIT OF CADER IDRIS . . . . .	228
AUTUMN, AND MEMORY . . . . .	231
SONG . . . . .	235
STANZAS ON FIRST SEEING WAST-WATER . . . . .	237
SPIRIT SONG . . . . .	239
LINES SUBSTITUTED FOR A SATIRE . . . . .	241
TO THE LAKE OF WINDERMERE . . . . .	242
SONG OF EMILY . . . . .	246
LIGHT . . . . .	250
THE WANT . . . . .	257
THE SUPPLY . . . . .	258
LINES . . . . .	259
A BAD MOOD . . . . .	260
A GOOD MOOD . . . . .	262

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—	
MY CREED . . . . .	264
WAIT . . . . .	265
TO A POET . . . . .	267
LINES . . . . .	269
AN ANSWER . . . . .	270
REPRINTS—	
THE LONELY TEAR . . . . .	272
SEPARATION . . . . .	274
AN EVENING THOUGHT . . . . .	277
SUMMER EVENING BY THE SEA . . . . .	278
MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS . . . . .	281



THE MONTHS.



JANUARY.  
—♦—

OUR mortal year begins not with the Spring,  
Or any touch of Nature's blandishment.  
Look forth!—with snow the forest-branch is bent;  
Nor lay of birds, nor brook's sweet murmuring,  
Through the chill'd air their sounds of gladness bring.  
Yet hath the heart of man its own content  
From no material source of gladness sent,  
For now the birthday of the year doth wing  
Its airy course anew; and Hope and Fear  
Seem freshly born for all. Even souls that grieve,  
In some more golden future yet believe,  
And friendly greetings meet the pensive ear.  
So doth some gladness to the spirit cling,  
Although Man's year begins not with the Spring.

## FEBRUARY.



Joy is the child of Sorrow : Life, of Death.  
Even while we mourn the coldness and the gloom  
Of Winter's reign, see February come—  
The twilight dawn of Spring. O'er field and heath  
A sweet gale wafts as if it stole a breath  
From some far region of eternal bloom.  
Stirr'd are the senses by that faint perfume,  
Than summer-breeze more potent to unsheathe  
Mysterious sympathies. In thought we go  
Through some fair garden, childhood's first delight,  
Where from the dark mould and thin-crust'd snow,  
Yet folded, breaks the yellow aconite ;  
Where the box-hedge a gentle fragrance yields,  
Blown back to us from Youth's delicious fields.



## MARCH.



CLOUDS of cold grey are from the East upstraying :  
The distant forest, with its tracery  
Of leafless boughs, is seen against the sky  
Distinct ; but scarce one beam of light is playing  
The forest pools unto the sight betraying.  
Thin flakes of sleet, at times, are wandering by  
In the still air, or all confusedly fly,  
The impulse of a sudden blast obeying.  
For 'tis a season when to Nature coy,  
After the breeze that fans, the warmth that cheers,  
Winter returns ; like new despairs and fears  
To a sad heart that caught a gleam of joy.  
But patience, ye whom lingering griefs annoy,  
March winds are rife before the Spring appears.

## APRIL.



APRIL! thy very name hath images  
Of sparkling showers, and larks in blue air singing,  
And rainbows to the hill their bright hues bringing,  
And transient storms that move along the leas  
Far off, in purple gloom, as if to please  
The eye by contrast more; for sunbeams still  
Do with delight the middle landscape fill.  
But thou hast claims to love more dear than these:  
How youthful thou! How full of all reminding  
Of our sweet youth! Nor vain those memories,  
Joy unto Innocence for ever binding,  
In one deep thought that guards and purifies;  
Beloved through all the stains of manhood's years—  
If lost, to be resought with careful tears.

## MAY.

— — — — — L 2

O DARLING of the year—delicious May,  
If poet-love have painted thee too bright,  
'Tis that men gaze on thee with dazzled sight,  
Brimfull of ecstasy! Thy true array  
Lies beyond language! Who would wish away  
The few soft tears that in thine eyes of light  
Tremble; or waving shades indefinite  
Which o'er thy green and lustrous mantle play?  
Who, that e'er wander'd in thy hawthorn glades,  
Or stood beneath thy orchard's bloomy shades,  
But felt how blest the bosom which thou greetest?  
For thou art Spring indeed! to thee belong  
The earliest rose, the nightingale's first song,  
All first fruits of sweet things;—and first are sweetest.

JUNE.  

---

MONTH of redundant beauty,—month of power,  
Of full delight, and large-leaved luxury !  
When forest-clouds do hang against the sky,  
Darkling—as if their womb contain'd the shower—  
And gather over farm, and old low tower,  
Rich, moist, and heavy !—June, the very eye  
Of the whole year ; how dost thou typify  
Man, when he enters on the full sweet dower  
Of life ; when blossoms yield to budding fruit ;  
When the broad meadows of existence bring  
Already their first joyous harvesting,  
And what is mown still leaves a living root ;  
When all accomplishment with hope is blended,  
And new joys come ere yet the old are ended !

*Break like*

JULY.

LL

THE summer-noon, than midnight's self more still,  
 Lies like a weight of sleep upon the world.  
 The standards of the clouds are droop'd and furl'd  
 Unmoving, and the sunbeam hath no will  
 With stream or grove to play! Deep musings fill  
 His soul, who all alone in some vast wood  
 Looks out upon the beaming solitude,  
 Listening for any sound of bird or rill,  
 In vain! Come, Evening, with thy blest alloy  
 Of freshness, and day's dazzling wrongs repair!  
 Come, like contentment after too much joy;) )  
 Image of all our state can safely bear,  
 Peace, and the finer forms of pleasure coy—  
 Oh come, with dew, with moonlight, and sweet air!

AUGUST.  

---

THE waterfalls are low ! With leaf or bough  
The winds converse but seldom ; thy true voice,  
O August, is the thunder ! So rejoice  
Rich powerful spirits, and of these art thou !  
With passion deep thou dost the earth endow,  
Bringing to temperate climes an India near,  
Making the meadows pale—golden the ear  
Of rustling corn ; and capable to bow  
The inmost spirit with an awful fear,  
When, lightning-charged, thy lofty turret-clouds  
Stand out with edges white against the blue  
And breathless heaven ! Oh, far from towns and crowds  
I would thy bounty and thy anger view,  
Temper'd by mountain breezes, cool and clear !

## SEPTEMBER.



THE landscape mellowing into tints of brown,  
The stubble-land, the wide heath's purple bloom,  
The yellow gorse with fruit-like rich perfume,  
Long rolling clouds, that cast a gentle frown  
Over the hamlet far, or distant down,  
Might yield for meditation ample room ;  
Telling that Autumn doth her reign resume  
Once more in our brief life. But now the town  
Pours forth her sons—no meditative band—  
With Nature's tribes a sylvan war to make.  
And yet perhaps beside some mountain lake,  
Or where the portals of some glen expand,  
Thoughtful shall oft the lonely sportsman stand,  
And Nature's spirit to his bosom take.

## OCTOBER.

---

OCTOBER comes with hues magnificent,  
The sunset of the year. This gorgeous ray,  
Brightest at parting, call it not decay,  
But nature's sum and full accomplishment !  
Swift let thy fancy to those climes be sent,  
Where glows the vintage,—where a riper day  
Doth on the gold and purple clusters play,  
Into the wine-vat toss'd ! Then, homeward bent,  
Let thy glad glances find a happy goal  
Where lustrous mosses gild the forest-floor,  
Or where rich farms their garner'd harvests store,  
Till sink the season's wealth into thy soul.  
On present joy to seize—the crime of folly—  
In Nature's children is a wisdom holy.



## NOVEMBER.

THOUGH thoughtful shadows rest upon thy brow,  
November, still I love thy pensive face !  
Mild gleams surround thee, and a tender grace.  
And, if a gentle sunbeam cleave, as now,  
The calm grey vapours, that, all day, below  
The green hill rested ; if, but for a space,  
The west with gold thy severing clouds should lace,  
Almost thou smilest, and how fair art thou !  
What mourning heart with grief invested thee,  
And of thy gentle breeze a requiem made ?  
'Tis in ourselves the sorrow and the shade ;  
Nothing is sad in Nature ! Therefore be  
Dear to my soul, mild month,—to me no tomb,  
But cradle of sweet thoughts that love a holy gloom.

L  
DECEMBER.  

---

Swelling and falling through the distant woods  
The Winds mock Ocean in his roaring might ;  
Only one streak of red and sullen light  
Is in the West, while early Evening broods  
O'er the wide moors, and scarcely-gleaming floods,  
Soon closing all things from the pensive sight.  
Yet 'tis a time when many a fireside bright  
Cheers old December and his ireful moods.  
To darkest seasons sweetest thoughts belong.  
Nor be it now forgot that He, who came  
To visit us in great humility,  
Clothed not his Godhead in this mortal frame  
When joyous summer-time was on the lea,  
But when the earth from Winter suffer'd wrong.

CONCLUDING SONNET. L

MAN—the external world—the changeful year—  
Together make a perfect harmony.  
To all the soul's great wards a mighty key  
The Seasons are, and apt in their career  
To stir and modulate our Hope and Fear,  
And ever lift our dim humanity  
Nearer to Heaven! At seed-time anxiously  
Dull lips are moved in prayer, and harvest cheer  
Breeds even in churls thanksgiving! Winter bare  
That shuts the earth, doth open wide the hand  
And heart of man! The tempests of the air  
Have spiritual missions, over sea and land  
Moulding events! Beneath the meanest clod,  
Stirs will and wisdom :—everywhere is God!



THE NEW YEAR.

A POET'S TEXT.



## THE NEW YEAR.

---

Who knocks at my door?

---

It is I—the New Year!

Radiant and smiling to thee I draw near!  
Though the snow is lying on wold and lea,  
My spirit is warm, and my step is free.  
Freshly I come from my home in the skies,  
With my sun-colour'd hair, and my heav'n-tinted eyes,  
And my robe made out of the years that were,  
Half shadow, half brightness,—yet lovely and fair.  
Thy heart I would gladden, thy love I would win;  
For an hour I have knock'd:—now let me come in!

---

New Year—New Year—what bringest thou me?

---

Full of gifts is my hand!—Speak!—What's dearest  
to thee?

Shall I murmur the story thy fancy has sought,  
Wherein to embody thy long-hoarded thought;

To whose depths all thy secrets of soul to confide,  
And speak at last what it kills thee to hide ?  
Or, rather, for thee shall I call to birth  
The poësy hid by the veil of earth ;  
In many a sunset bathe thy soul,  
Or talk to thee in the winds as they roll ;  
Till thy spirit seize the lofty lay,  
The dream of thy night, the despair of thy day,  
Which haunted thy youth like a prophecy  
That unknown, unhonour'd, thou should'st not die ?  
Or, in deeper accents, low and stern,  
Shall I bid thee the Drama's secrets learn,  
Till to thy thrilling wish shall start  
A lyre from the chords of the human heart,  
Whose tones, awaken'd by thee, shall stir  
That voice of the thundering theatre  
Which gathers around the living head  
A fame that makes other fame seem dead ?

---

New Year, such gifts to my thoughtful state  
Too tardily come, in an age too late.  
My Fancy hath folded her weary wings.  
Who listens now when the poet sings ?  
Could I rhyme forth a treatise on Railway Shares,



I should seem to warble diviner airs,  
Than if I could tell of the glories dim  
That float o'er adoring Seraphim ;  
Could I boldly proclaim how a dinner were done  
By managing merely the heat of the sun,  
Or treat the deep battle of surplice and gown,  
Methinks that indeed I might move the town ;—  
But, as I have nothing in truth to impart  
Except certain trifles concerning the heart,  
Some few secrets I learnt from the forests and streams,  
From the voice of the soul, or the whispers of dreams,  
Hopeless am I, for the present at least,  
For the world to set forth a fitting feast.  
As to Drama—small comfort thy proffer yields  
Of fame to be réap'd on her barren fields,  
When the last great Roscius of modern days  
Cannot her drooping form upraise !  
Where is high story's old renown ?  
Where is Tragedy's glorious crown ?  
The pomp and the majesty melt away  
At the voice of the syren—Opera !  
Oh ! dear to me is the birds' sweet singing,  
Unto joyous May their tribute bringing ;  
Dear is the voice we have known for years,

Which with song our household hearth endears.  
Few, few have melted or melt as I  
To the sound of every harmony,  
Yet cannot I deem that mankind's great throng  
Came into the world but to hear a song!  
No!—everywhere now must the lofty give place  
To a throb of excitement—a soul of grimace!  
A spirit that titters at every turn,  
While life itself looks grim and stern!  
Oh! there lives only one who can wield by the pen  
The serious heart of his fellow-men;  
By humour make thoughtful, and out of a laugh  
Bid mortals the deepest wisdom quaff;  
While at his right hand a spirit appears,  
To unlock, at his bidding, the fountain of tears!  
Not for me, under leaden Saturn born,  
Who, if I am laughing, must laugh in scorn,  
To do more than rejoice, that, grave or gay,  
Still he and I are but walking one way,  
And to one goal together press,  
In a true and tender earnestness.  
And I know, besides, that a thoughtful few  
Look onward in spirit, to scenes rich and new!  
Progress there is; and though, strength to win,

The wave sweeps back, yet the tide comes in!  
Quarrels on masses and blessing of bells  
But mask the great struggle of principles;  
And Truth will triumph—but in the meantime,  
We must hear a good deal of a babbling chime.  
Oh, blest is the man who his fancy employs  
Upon railways, and spruce philosophic toys;  
Who, leaving gay visions round others to dance,  
His thought fixes mainly upon the main chance;  
For, though some may be weeping by Babylon's river,  
The golden calf is as worshipp'd as ever.

---

Thou say'st that the world doth honour gold!  
Shall I to thee rich spells unfold,  
Whereby around thy path thou may'st shower  
That wealth, which o'er mankind is power?  
Or, to thy eager grasp, convey  
Other gifts, that make slaves of the creatures of clay?  
Shall I bring thee to honours high and bright,  
And steep thy ambition in full delight?

---

Cease, cease, New Year! Thy flattering voice  
Doth promise too largely to bid me rejoice!  
If my spirit were panting for wealth or sway,

Ill-omen'd would seem thy syren lay—  
For the joy that 's announced is the farthest away ;  
And Fortune comes never in boastful guise,  
But steals to our hearth like a sweet surprise !

---

I am better than Fortune ;—Experience am I,  
I am Wisdom, and calm Reality ;  
And from former years the stores I can borrow,  
To make thee rich with a wealth void of sorrow ;  
I will teach thee to love without suffering ;  
I will sweep away with my airy wing  
Thy long regrets. Oh, men have given  
Their own dark thoughts, to the gifts of Heaven !  
No stern decrepit old man is Time,  
But a maiden fresh in immortal prime ;  
A maiden, with low harmonious song,  
That can lull the heart, yet make it strong !  
Brighter she grows in celestial grace,  
The longer we look her in the face,—  
And the spirit floats more rapturous and free  
The more we hearken her melody.

What ? Still thy door doth closed remain ?  
Have I offer'd thee all my stores in vain ?

Time was, thou didst sigh my presence to greet,  
And chide the slow pace of my tardy feet.  
“Come, come!” thou hast said, “O promised Year!  
And bring what is lovely,—restore what was dear!  
Call back to my bosom the friends that are flown,  
Breathe upon others’ hearts and my own!  
Come,—and perhaps, though deaden’d now,  
My spirit may waken freshly as thou!  
Come,—and unfinish’d tasks of thought  
May be from thy blessed moments wrought:  
And Toil—which is truest Rest divine—  
And Love and Hope may again be mine!”  
So saidst thou, while yet I was far away.—  
I am here; and thy lips no welcome say.  
Like a guest once bidden, but now forgot,  
I stand at thy door, and thou openest not!

---

Forgive me, New Year, while thou camest fast  
I heard the low-warning voice of the Past  
Whispering, “Each year that comes to thy door  
Has a smile the less, and a tear the more;  
For so must it be when youth is o’er!”  
Ah, then I fear’d, if I only sought  
From thee the dreams of my former thought,

Beautiful visions, which, even when possess,  
Fill'd not the measureless void in my breast,  
Then did I fear I should prize thee less  
Than the year whose last sands downward press ;  
And the year next to thee—still a fruitless bough—  
Less fair, would be treasured even less than thou.  
Therefore it is that thy steps I hear,  
Yet gather myself in my thoughts, New Year !  
And pause ere I make my request to thee,  
Lest I ask for worse than vanity.

---

Cold is thy greeting ; but when we part,  
Thou shalt feel I have crept around thy heart.  
Ah ; vainly then would'st thou bid me stay,  
And sigh to recall me when I am away.

---

Not so ;—of all the years that yet  
Have swept o'er my path, one alone I regret :  
When, boyhood scarce over, nor manhood begun,  
For me both united their treasures in one,  
And Innocence shone on my soul like a sun ;  
When the Universe was as a mighty book  
Before my eyes, and its mysteries shook  
My soul with passion and poet-love,

And my steps were on earth, but my spirit above ;  
When to all that is lofty my bosom heaved,  
When all was enjoy'd, and, oh, believed !—  
When onward, still onward, my glances were cast,  
For youth has the future while age has the past ;  
When the glittering world, like a distant sea,  
Before me lay bright and quiveringly,  
And I long'd my bark on its waves to buoy,  
And bid them bear me to fame and joy.  
'Twas the year of my youth—my eighteenth year ;—  
Ah, not alone, I held it dear,  
But I deem'd it had passion and rapture divine,  
To know and to answer that love of mine ;  
And, when at last it fled from me,  
Methought that it left me mournfully ;  
For well it knew that beneath the sky  
Not one could love it as well as I.  
What other, indeed, of the sons of men,  
Had rejoiced like me in its angel-ken ?  
So sweetly familiar with none it had walk'd,  
With none other so fondly, caressingly talk'd ;  
With all my being 'twas interlaced,  
And all its meanings I read and embraced ;  
Therefore, ev'n now, that year will seem

To turn, and be with me in more than a dream !  
In the first gale of spring it breathes on me soft,  
To me, from the brook, it murmurs oft ;—  
When the joy of Creation is felt as a truth,  
And all things breathe of eternal youth,  
From the emerald grass, from the budding tree,  
Its sweet face looks out, and welcomes me !  
When night and rest to the world are given,  
And the sleep of the earth is the waking of Heaven,  
When the stars look earnest in the skies,  
It steals on the silence that round me lies :  
I know its step, so timid and light,  
And I welcome it, and my heart grows bright.

---

Can I then nothing on thee bestow ?  
Bethink thee again, ere yet I go,  
With my wealth of dreams, and my gifts of pleasure,  
Elsewhere to proffer my slighted treasure ;  
To some young heart turn my airy wing,  
And pour out my joyous carolling !

---

Nay, nay, New Year ! may God avert  
I should see thee with cold or careless heart :  
Or, that thou from me unblest should'st depart.



But I feel thy right true guerdon to win,  
The light of joy with myself must begin !  
Bitter is felt the mockery, when  
A festival cometh to grieving men :  
And the voice of welcoming soundeth drear  
To the heavy heart, and the weary ear.  
Oh ! what are seasons unmark'd that roll,  
Or what is change, to a changeless soul,  
Or what is the profit that time can unfold,  
When a New Year comes to a heart that is old ?  
Why should'st thou bring to my future lot,  
What the present moment yieldeth not ?  
Little it boots that thou give me a dower,  
Unless to receive it my soul have power ;  
Or the seed of gladness be sown anew,  
If the soil be made not fertile too !  
I must listen unto a wiser voice,  
Than thine or mine, ere in thee I rejoice ;  
And the welcome I gladly on thee would bestow,  
First my own bosom from Heaven must know.

But fear not, New Year ! 'tis no sullen spirit  
That is seeking now thy gifts to inherit ;  
With hopeful eye our being I scan,  
And have tutor'd my heart as best I can.

Though I deck thee not in the joy of a dream,  
And look on thee by a daylight beam ;  
Though thy form to mine eyes has no fairy glance,  
No glittering veil of old romance ;  
Yet on thee I fix a dearer hope,  
Than thy words yet have promised in all their scope !  
If I seem to have turn'd an ear so dull  
To thy songs of the bright and beautiful—  
It is not because I slight thy store,  
But my spirit is pining for somewhat more !  
With glory and fame, would'st thou purchase my love ?  
My own ambition doth reach above  
All that the worldly soul can move !  
If thou teach me to soar to the farthest star,  
The flight of my spirit is loftier far.  
If thou tempt me with jewels, in heaps untold,  
Or pour out before me unmeasured gold ;  
I see a light through a lifted veil  
Which makes their glory and lustre pale !  
With love would'st thou win me? Ah! spare that word  
Which once with all music my soul would have stirr'd,  
But striketh now on a broken chord !  
The stores of affection which, unconfest  
And baffled, swell in my boundless breast,

Too precious a freight are they, to trust  
To changeful beings, and children of dust !  
Why should I drink of a failing rill,  
When of living streams I may quaff my fill ?  
'Tis not from the treasures of earth thou must seek  
To bring back the smile to my heart or my cheek ;  
Far other—far higher thy offerings must be ;—  
Listen ! and know what I ask of thee !

I ask for a Lyre with heavenly strings,  
That may ever discourse of diviner things.

I ask for a Power to plead with men,  
With a might like that of an angel's pen ;  
To bid them turn to their only rest,  
And, in their blessing, to make me blest !  
The plaudits I want are a silent voice,  
Which shall bid my inner soul rejoice !

I ask in my bosom a Wealth to secure  
That shall make the whole world's riches poor.

I ask for a Wisdom that brings to nought  
The hoarded years of experience and thought !—

I ask for a Love, which with rapture and light  
Shall fill up my being's infinite ;  
Which cannot change with a changing lot,  
Which endureth—and, oh !—disappointeth not !—

Loveliest and brightest, when all earth can borrow  
Is dark, and touch'd by the gloom of sorrow ;  
Which soothes with unfailing sympathy,  
When all human founts of feeling are dry ;  
Which wipeth a tear in secret shed,  
And cradleth the sick and weary head ;  
True—where all else is but shadow and dream—  
Perfect, immortal, celestial, supreme !

I ask for an Innocence, more divine  
Than even in my eighteenth year was mine ;  
That spotless robe of a snowy whiteness,  
Of which time only brightens the beautiful brightness ;  
That robe, which no mortal hands have spun,  
Which a Father gave to a penitent son,  
When, his wanderings o'er, and his faults confest,  
Weeping he fell on his Father's breast.

I ask for a Happiness, fairer in flower  
Even than the joy of the glowing hour,  
When I gazed on all earth with a poet's eye,  
And awoke to a poet's ecstasy ;  
A happiness bright as the early ray  
Which beameth from hope, on our opening day ;  
But, ah ! not fading, like that away !—  
'Tis the joy, which the chasten'd spirit can bless,

Though it walk in the midst of dreariness :  
A joy that comes never, till, kissing the rod  
Of sorrow,—Man is re-born of God !  
Then the spirit, in love celestial nurst,  
Has a childhood fairer than its first !  
And, in love celestial taking wing,  
Has a second youth and a fairer spring.  
Then on the vision doth rise and appear  
The golden dawn of a blessed year,  
Bathed in a day-beam transcendently bright,  
Pour'd fresh from the source of Living Light ;  
And freer soars, and nearer to Heaven  
Than the soul that is sinless—the soul forgiven.

But though, New Year! all gifts from the urn  
Of an earthly joy, as too lowly I spurn ;  
Thy lowliest boon will I dearly claim,  
If it bear for its impress a Saviour's name.  
Gladly will I at thy hand receive  
The simplest joy that Nature can give !  
I will drink from out the meanest flower  
Long draughts of the Godhead's boundless power ;  
And the smallest tendril of shining moss  
My soul with a wonder sublime shall engross !  
Thou shalt bind me with Nature, in faster union

Than the spirit can know without God's communion.  
Thou shalt give to all voices of Nature a tone  
And a meaning far beyond their own.  
For who but diviner bliss must share,  
When the very lark seems an angel in air ;  
Repeating the strain that on silence did flow  
Nearly two thousand years ago,  
Freshly now as it murmur'd then—  
" Peace upon earth, good-will to men !"

Then, the weariness falls from the loosen'd soul,  
Which bound it so long in unblest control.  
The loathing of things on the senses that pall—  
The heavy chain of an earthly thrall—  
The pack-horse round of the world's dull sphere,  
Where life is none, for God is not there—  
The woe that is farthest from earthly relief—  
The fatigue of existence—the grief of grief—  
All, all the dark burthen melteth away,  
As a dismal dream at the dawn of day.  
And the universe wears such an orient hue,  
That whate'er we behold seems created anew ;  
And the beauty of light, and the freshness of dew  
(Oh, marvel !) hangs on all worn-out things,  
So that even from these a glory springs.

For not in itself can aught be old  
That God has call'd forth, and doth ever uphold :  
'Tis in us lies the deadness, the chilling curse,  
That encrusts the living Universe.

It is not of things the outer face,  
Nor events that pass onward in endless race,  
Which give sweet motion and inward grace ;—  
But the vital glow and the spirit-strife  
Is that which maketh existence life.

The pleasure that varies each passing minute  
Is a burthen dull, if no life be within it ;  
But the dullest round man ever trod  
Varies ever when touch'd by God.

'Tis as the flow of a changing river  
Which, idly beheld, seems changing never ;  
But, embark'd on its surface, we feel its motion,  
And float by its beautiful shores to the Ocean.

Come with such life, and be ever dear,  
Nor bring disappointment, thou fair New Year !  
By none shall a warmer welcome be given,  
Than by him who calls thee the handmaid of Heaven.  
So shall that welcome, enduring and true,  
When thou art old, still be joyous and new ;  
Not like the falsehood of earthly greeting,

Which almost says "Farewell!" in the meeting;  
Not dying with one brief day's decline,  
But, while thou art with me, abidingly thine!  
Nay, if it please the Almighty Will  
To uphold my days and my spirit still,  
Then thou to other years shalt bequeath  
Thy starry mantle and beautiful wreath;  
In thy successors divinely restored,  
Thou yet shalt be with me at bed and board;  
For a heart from its own sad burthen set free  
Shall make of each day New Year's Day for me.



SERMONS IN SONNETS.

"Sermons in stones and good in everything."

*Shakespeare.*



## I.

“UNTO HIM SHALL BE GIVEN.”

*Psalm lxxii. 15.*

SAVIOUR! I lay this verse upon Thy shrine,  
 Writ 'neath Thine eye! I do not feel a shame  
 Thus to inscribe it with Thy gentle name.  
 Oh, I would lead unto Thy love divine  
 All men, and bid them taste a joy like mine!  
 Sure am I that mistake hath caused the blame  
 Which some great minds, of intellectual aim,  
 Have cast upon Thy Gospel's glorious shrine!  
 Wrongly presented, they have view'd Thee wrong,  
 O Lord of Love! What marvel they should turn  
 From sad confusion, and untruth should spurn—  
 Yet more—half-truth, that is in weakness strong  
 To do mankind irrevocable wrong.  
 Let Truth shine clear, we cannot choose but learn.

## II.

“ALL THINGS SERVE THEE.”

*Psalm cxix. 91.*

THEE all things serve. Then even the spirits bad  
 Which, felt or feign'd, are round us. They too serve  
 Thy high behests, and work on brain or nerve,  
 Only as Thou decreest. Tidings how glad  
 To those whom unseen influences make mad  
 With ignorance! Whom images of fear,  
 And terrors whisper'd into childhood's ear,  
 Distract with gloom that Nature ne'er had had  
 Unspoil'd by man. Oh, blest it is to hear  
 That there is purpose in our every pain ;  
 That we are not a sport and mockery,  
 Whereon an evil host their skill may try  
 For base experiment ; but children dear  
 Of a wise God, whose very frowns are gain.

## III.

"CONTINUE IN THE THINGS WHICH THOU HAST LEARNED."

2 *Timothy*, iii. 14.

RELIGION of my country! sacred mould  
Into which first my childish thoughts were cast,  
While communing with Heaven. Unto the Past,  
Sweetest association. Thou, of old,  
Lisp'd at a mother's knee; or, in the fold  
Of God's great temple, heard with gentle awe;  
If any force could now my heart withdraw  
From thee, methinks to ruin I were roll'd  
Before a tempest's sweep. . . And now, the more,  
When cold desertion shows a dark to-morrow,  
I cling to thee, and love thee best in sorrow;  
And trust, if, ev'n within some cave's dark core,  
I join'd a faithful few with peril round  
Thy rites to celebrate, I still were faithful found.

## IV.

ON THE CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CHURCH OF  
ST. STEPHEN, WESTMINSTER, JUNE 24, 1850.

—◆—  
“AND HE TAUGHT DAILY IN THE TEMPLE,”

*St. Luke, xix. 47.*

THOUGH the free circuit of the silent air  
Oft saw the worship of the Son of God,  
Some rock His pulpit; yet His steps, too, trod  
The temple's pavement. Daily His repair  
Was to the shrine where dwelt God's honour fair;  
And there He taught; and, from that dread abode  
Driving unhallow'd things with scourge and rod,  
Call'd it His Father's House—a House of Prayer.  
Accept both lessons, Man! God's love is free,  
Is universal as pervading Heaven;  
Yet be fair temples to His worship given,  
The best our hands can offer.—And trust, ye  
Who turn His gifts unto the Giver's praise,  
His smile hath prompted and will bless your ways.

## V.

“WHO IS HE THAT CONDEMNETH? IT IS CHRIST THAT DIED.”

*Romans, viii. 34.*

PERCHANCE I whisper to my happy soul,  
“Thought of past sin should burthens on thee lay,  
And send thee weeping on a dreary way,  
And self-abased.” . . . But then, beyond control  
Of such mistrust, new pleasures still unroll  
Their calm sweet glories to the visual ray  
Of inward faith; and heavenly voices say  
Unto my spirit, “Joy is the great pole  
Of thy existence. Not as mortals do  
The Saviour doth: He raiseth from the ground  
The crush’d one, and restores from every wound  
The self-respect of man. No friend untrue  
Is He, with past offence to make thee sad.  
Smiles He? Thou canst not choose but to be glad.”

## VI.

“THE POOR SHALL NEVER CEASE OUT OF THE LAND.”

*Deuteronomy, xv. 11.*

HAD all a joy within, what outward ill  
Could touch? This, this alone, the cure  
Of all the pangs that mortals must endure;  
Not in the dreams of bliss impossible  
To our condition. 'Tis the evil Will  
That forms an inward hideous portraiture  
Of God. And while our darken'd breasts immure  
This falsehood, all the riches, that could fill  
The world with blessings equal as the day,  
Were vain to clear one discontented brow,  
Or dignify one sorrow. Give away  
Thy very cloak—'tis well!—but think not thou  
Aught less than Christ acknowledged can absorb  
The wants, the tears, of this distracted orb.



## VII.

" JUDGE RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT."

*St. John, vii. 24.*

OUR thoughts of God are taken from our own ;  
Oh, that from God we rather would take ours !  
Then would our justice rule with kindlier powers,  
And the deep debt would not aside be thrown  
States owe unto their children ! not alone  
Unto the good—but to the very worst  
By whom the writhing social flame is curst.  
Then, till we could past negligence atone—  
Till we could say we had done all for all,  
To teach and to reclaim—we should, in ruth,  
Suppress the gibbet, and with milder thrall  
Bind hearts ; win back to self-respect and truth  
The dark abandon'd Pariahs of mankind,  
And learn—true justice is not cold, or blind.

## VIII.

“ A NEW COMMANDMENT I GIVE UNTO YOU, THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER.”  
*St. John, xiii. 34.*

MEN do indeed paint Human Justice blind,  
Through bandaged sight ; and truly. But the day  
Is coming, when the fillet snatch'd away  
Shall give her eyes with equitable mind  
On her own scales to gaze, and for mankind  
To poise them rightly. Then by clearer ray  
Will she her study-book—man's soul—survey ;  
And Christ's great law upon her frontlet bind.  
Now, ignorant of Nature as of God,  
Not yet we learn that terrors ne'er deter,  
But harden and attract. That the brute rod  
Makes rebels, but not children. That all fear  
Instruction mars. That mortals to amend,  
First we must show ourselves indeed their friend.

## IX.

“UPHOLDING ALL THINGS BY THE WORD OF HIS POWER.”

*Hebrews, l. 3.*

SINCE all things are, O God, upheld by Thee,  
 And Thou canst never quite withdraw Thyself  
 From any work of Thine, else o'er the shelf  
 Of being it would fall, and nothing be ;  
 Canst Thou uphold an endless misery ?  
 Canst Thou for ever feed the ravening wolf,  
 Remorse ; gaze ever on Hell's boiling gulf ?  
 That were indeed a dread eternity !  
 But, no ! Even we, who over judgment-halls  
 Riot, and hold unfeeling festivals,  
 Would crush an insect writhing at our feet  
 To put it out of pain. Oh, then, 'tis sure  
 If Thou, to make some mighty scheme complete,  
 Permittest Ill to live—Thou know'st the cure.

## X.

“CAN A WOMAN FORGET HER SUCKING CHILD, THAT SHE SHOULD NOT  
HAVE COMPASSION ON THE SON OF HER WOMB? YEA, THEY MAY  
FORGET, YET WILL I NOT FORGET THEE.” *Isaiah, xlix. 15.*

THE thought that any should have endless woe  
Would cast a shadow on the throne of God,  
And darken Heaven. . . From the scarce-warm clod  
To Seraphs, all Him as a Father know;  
He, all as children. Even with us below  
The one rebellious son more thought and love  
Than all the rest will in a parent move,  
God stirring in us. Then how strong the glow  
Of God's great heart our sorrows to relieve!  
Could He be blest, beholding sufferings,  
And not their end? His tenderness would grieve  
If even the least of His created things  
Should miss of joy. In its serenity  
God's present happiness proves ours to be.

## XI.

“GOD GAVE SOLOMON LARGENESS OF HEART.

*1 Kings, iv. 29.*

LARGENESS of heart ! Inestimable gift !  
 Sure all that trust in Christ—Creation’s Morn—  
 Must unto thee expand and be reborn,  
 However stinted by their nature’s thrift.  
 For God’s great Spirit doth exalt, and lift  
 The soul out of itself; far from forlorn  
 And personal narrowness, and all weak scorn  
 Of any who along life’s current drift.  
 Thus much is sure.—He, who conceived the thought,  
 For angels—men—ay, even worms—to die,  
 That all Creation might be raised and bought  
 Out of its own inherent frailty,  
 Dwells not in bosoms that would Heaven repress  
 Unto their own exclusive narrowness.

## XII.

“JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.”

*St. Matthew, vii. 1.*

JUDGE not, because thou canst not judge aright.  
 Not much thou know'st thyself; yet better far  
 Than thou know'st others!—Language is at war  
 With purposes: appearances must fight  
 'Gainst real inward feelings. All is slight  
 To give a picture of the things that are.  
 Feel'st thou not, friends who blame thee ever jar  
 With truth, nor on thy soul's true ulcer bite?  
 Feel'st thou not, utterly that nothing can  
 Convey thy being to another's breast?  
 Then how shalt thou explore thy fellow-man?  
 Rather let Christ's great wisdom be confest,  
 Who tax'd rash judgment as this world's worst leaven,  
 And the worst temper for the courts of Heaven.

## XIII.

“WHAT GOD HATH CLEANSED, THAT CALL THOU NOT COMMON.”

*Acts, x. 15.*

BEHOLD men's judgments! Common and unclean  
 We call whatever with our pride doth jar,  
 Though from one God and Father all things are.  
 Behold men's judgments! The deep truth unseen,  
 Rash we decide what mere externals mean.  
 Know'st thou, while thy proud eye is closed afar,  
 In what mean worm God may illumine a star?  
 Know'st thou where His great Spirit dwells serene?  
 Thou dost not. What thy pride may worthless deem,  
 Ay, tainted with pollution, may become,  
 Raised from the dust, the fairest, loveliest home  
 Where radiant Deity can shrine its beam;  
 May be redeem'd from Nature's common blot,  
 Ay, though perhaps thy very self be not!

## XIV.

“HIS HAND WILL BE AGAINST EVERY MAN, AND EVERY MAN’S HAND  
AGAINST HIM.”

*Genesis, xvi. 12.*

OH, woe for those, and pity more than woe,  
Who in the gulf of men’s opinion sink!—  
Every man’s hand against them, as they think,  
What marvel their own hand, nor slack nor slow,  
Should against every man remorseless go?  
Oh, could one snatch them from the dreary brink  
Of the true hell—to feel themselves no link  
In God’s great scheme—*that* were a joy to know.  
Ye who can find no shelter, homeless poor!  
Ye wicked, who were never taught to pray!  
Ay, even ye who from the better way  
Turn wilful (therefore to be pitied more)!  
Sure ye are men, for you still Christ did die,  
And Hope were your divinest remedy!



## XV.

"BUT THOU SAIDST THERE IS NO HOPE,"

*Jeremiah, ii. 25.*

WITHOUT a hope is no activity,  
No motive that exalts to bettering,  
No life. There is no other breeze to fling  
One ripple over Being's stagnant sea!  
If life be precious, then should hope too be!  
And if to make a soul with conscious wing  
Of thought and will, a heart where love may cling,  
Be Heaven's first work, then Man's first villainy  
Must be to murder hope! Yet 'tis a crime  
Acted in awful silence every day  
When we from sin or sorrow turn away,  
Or tell our bosoms 'tis no longer time  
For penitence. Yet hear this truth, o'eraw'd,  
To say there is no hope, expunges God!

## XVI.

“ THE WRATH OF MAN WORKETH NOT THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD.”

*St. James's Epistle, i. 20.*

MAN, though thou makest this world dark and rude,  
By blotting out sweet hope, life's vital part,  
Thou canst not reach the river's bounteous heart,  
That pulses in the mountain solitude!  
With life, hope, love, Heaven is not less imbued  
Because thou play'st the churl with niggard art,  
Hiding th' Almighty! He to view will start  
When least thou deem'st His mercy will intrude.  
No measure art thou of th' Eternal Mind!  
Yet sad it is we should let any die  
Despairing, or blaspheming!—Oh, be kind  
As Christ! His new law bars that any lie  
Death-doom'd. Didst thou observe His generous rule,  
Then were each prison-house a noble school!

## XVII.

"CONFORMED TO THE IMAGE OF HIS SON."

*Romans, viii. 29.*

CHRIST came not to condemn. *Put up the sword,*  
He said: *Love one another!*—Must not we  
In all things unto Him conformed be?  
But are we so, while the old law is scored  
Upon our tablets? O redeeming Lord,  
Have we told out the waning century  
Nearly two thousand times since taught of Thee,  
Yet are so distant from Thy truth adored?  
Still do we take the life we cannot give?  
Still punish where we only should correct?  
Still cherish dearly every old defect  
In all our plans? How long shall we thus live?  
Yet Time is nothing, and a thousand years  
A day, when once Thy glorious truth appears.

## XVIII.

“NONE THAT TRUST IN HIM SHALL BE DESOLATE.”

*Psalm xxxiv. 22.*

DISTRUST is that which makes the curse of life.  
 Oh, if we trusted God, what ills were spared !  
 The feeling of the outcast makes us hard,  
 And fierce—and places in our hand the knife !  
 Did man trust man, what desolating strife  
 Of fiery thought we back from us should ward !  
 Sweet Faith would be our fortress and our guard  
 From every anguish with which souls are rife.  
 And so the Book of God makes all sin light  
 Weigh'd with distrust—the giant ill of man :  
 Our happiness commanding—under ban  
 Placing whatever dims the soul with blight ;  
 It whispers still unto our troubled sense,  
 Heaven would'st thou know ? Heaven's charm is con-  
 fidence !

## XIX.

“UNTIL THE DAY DAWN.”

*Second Epistle of St. Peter, i. 19.*

YES, I conceive that even thinking men  
Have deem'd the Gospel would one day give place  
To larger dispensation of God's grace.  
That is—the Gospel drawn by mortal pen,  
And all obscured by mists from error's fen—  
No more—for Truth and Nature have one face  
Changeless ; nor have we moved one little pace  
From our position, since the moment when  
Man to existence sprang, and springing fell.  
Evil—the child of the non-absolute—  
The cry to be absolved from the heart's hell,  
Which feels its sad communion with the brute,  
Yet yearns towards God, and would its lot dispute—  
All these were ours and are—and of them Christ doth  
tell.

## XX.

“ THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME UNDER HEAVEN GIVEN AMONG MEN, WHEREBY  
WE MUST BE SAVED.”

*Acts, iv. 12.*

NATURE'S defect, the ground-work of our woe,  
Shadow'd in all religions grandly forth,  
We find—from the rude Sagas of the north,  
To the high visions bright with India's glow.  
This, then, as knowledge which ourselves do know  
Too sadly—this is not the boon to earth  
Which makes the Bible so divinely worth,  
Or Thou didst come, O Saviour, to bestow !  
'Tis the dear love, that, pointing the disease,  
Doth also whisper of the remedy ;  
'Tis the high gift of all that best agrees  
With our soil'd nature and its sovereign cry,  
Forgiveness—restoration—means to rise  
Out of ourselves.—And these Christ's Word alone  
supplies.

## XXI.

“THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES.”

*Ephesians, i 10.*

OH, for the Gospel of the social mind,  
Fresh, yet the same, but in adornment new ;  
With bloom of youth, and eye of liquid dew,  
Fit for a glorious marriage with mankind !  
Virgin, descend ! Round thee thy garments bind  
All glorious within—and to our view  
Show what thou art, when beautiful and true  
Thy glories have unscal'd our vision blind !  
Blest be the very mists that, shrouding thee,  
Hope dearer than enjoyment still have left !  
Accordant to our Nature's subtlety,  
That hates ev'n bliss, when promise is bereft,  
Promised thou art, and in no doubtful seeming,  
O day of joy that shall surpass our dreaming !

## XXII.

“THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN, NOT MAN FOR THE SABBATH.”

*St. Mark, ii. 27.*

I LOVE thee, Day of God! If rather not  
 We christen thee, with Christ, the Day of Man!  
 And thee as offspring of our nature scan,  
 The very need and yearning of our lot—  
 That, once in seven days, our toil forgot,  
 We rest; not only the tired artisan,  
 But all who keep our being's healthful plan,  
 Lest mind or body overstrain'd we blot.  
 When shall we learn that God for His own sake  
 Nothing commands? that arbitrary powers  
 Dwell not in Him? that all the gain is ours  
 When He an ordinance for man doth make:  
 Chief when He tells us that, one day in seven,  
 We need a foretaste of our rest in Heaven?



## XXIII.

"STAND FAST IN THE LIBERTY WHEREWITH CHRIST HAS MADE US FREE."

*Galatians, v. 1.*

ARE we beneath the Law of Liberty,  
Or old Judean bondage? Has the Son  
Of God in vain for us the chains undone  
That bound us to our nature's slavery?  
To pant and strive, yet never once be free;  
To labour, as in dreams, at deeds begun  
But never ended; all that fancy won  
To see dissolved in airy vacancy—  
Is this to last for ever? Shame, oh shame!  
So much of beauty that we will not seize  
Upbraids us. When, as now, our thwarted aim  
Turns back God's remedies to our disease  
Again—when broken is the loveliest charm  
Of all our toiling days—when Sabbaths harm!

## XXIV.

“WHICH OF YOU SHALL HAVE AN ASS, OR AN OX, FALLEN INTO A PIT, AND  
WILL NOT STRAIGHTWAY PULL HIM OUT ON THE SABBATH DAY?”

*St. Luke, xiv. 5.*

WISDOM profound! But do we know it yet?  
 Alas, beneath our dread of Sabbath-works  
 Of love and need, a dread deception lurks,  
 And makes a mischief of a benefit!  
 What would Christ say, if now His feet were set  
 Again on earth? He, who from mercy's debt,  
 Ev'n to an ox or ass, absolved not man  
 By Sabbath-law? How would He clear His plan  
 Unto our eyes! now, when our hearts forget  
 All that we owe our fellow-beings—Love,  
 And care for all;—Love, that all care bestows  
 That none shall suffer by a day's repose,  
 And setteth human welfare far above  
 The pre-conceived notions we can bring  
 To force God's Book to our interpreting.

## XXV.

“PROVE WHAT IS THAT GOOD AND ACCEPTABLE AND PERFECT WILL OF GOD.”

*Romans, xii. 2.*

MAN, in thy very faults thou still art grand!  
 Led by some great idea, even though  
 Blindly, and unto goals of pain and woe!  
 Yes! there is something great that a whole land  
 Should say, “We will conform to God’s command,  
 Happen what will!”—Yet pause, and ask to know  
 What God’s Will really is, ere rash ye go  
 Tighter to draw the Sabbath’s gentle band!  
 Be sure whate’er one human woe can bid  
 Is not of God! Under all reasoning place  
 His goodness first, as fix’d essential base,  
 Then raise of thought a glorious pyramid!  
 Whene’er the Bible seems some narrow scheme  
 For man to make, be sure it doth but seem!

## XXVI.

“ON THE SEVENTH DAY SHALT THOU REST.”

*Exodus, xxxiv. 21.*

“How keep the Sabbath best?” This question I  
Meet with another, How we best repose  
From all our weight of week-day cares and woes,  
And turn our thought’s rude current peacefully  
Into some bay where it the quiet sky  
May mirror, scarce betraying that it flows.  
Heavenly our rest should be, for this world knows  
Only the semblance of tranquillity:  
Inward, for ’tis the soul we want to steep  
In the dear homefelt consciousness of peace:  
Free, for from burthens it must give release,  
Not bind them on us. Learn, then, how to keep  
The Sabbath in all love and pureness best!  
’Tis truly hallow’d when we truly rest!

## XXVII.

"SPEAK GOOD OF HIS NAME."

*Psalm c. 4.*

OH no, great God! We feel Thou canst not be  
 Spectator or upholder of distress,  
 So long, indeed, as it is objectless.  
 No! if Thou look'st on sorrow, 'tis to see  
 Its benefit and end. If before Thee  
 One hopeless ill could spread the smallest shroud,  
 Oh, would'st Thou not dissolve it as a cloud  
 In the mere fervors of Thy radiancy?  
 'Tis so! And Thou Thy dearest Son didst send  
 That message of a boundless love to make;  
 Not as a mockery—more the heart to rend,  
 If all were offer'd what but few could take!  
 Not as a thing of words—but as a need,  
 Which, like Thyself, is Truth and Love indeed.

## XXVIII.

“THE TIMES OF RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS.”

*Acts, iii. 21.*

GIVE evil but an end—and all is clear!  
Make it eternal—all things are obscured!  
And all that we have thought, felt, wept, endured,  
Worthless. We feel that ev'n if our own tear  
Were wiped away for ever, no true cheer  
Could to our yearning bosoms be secured  
While we believed that sorrow clung uncured  
To any being we on earth held dear.  
Oh, much doth life the sweet solution want  
Of all made blest in far futurity!  
Heaven needs it too. Our bosoms yearn and pant  
Rather indeed our God to justify  
Than our own selves. Oh, why then drop the key  
That tunes discordant worlds to harmony?

## XXIX.

"HE THAT SPARED NOT HIS OWN SON, BUT DELIVERED HIM UP FOR US ALL,  
HOW SHALL HE NOT WITH HIM ALSO FREELY GIVE US ALL THINGS?"

*Romans, viii. 32.*

OH, not Thyself, great God, to satisfy  
 (Who in Thyself dost hold a full content),  
 Was Thy dear Son unto our being lent  
 To walk on earth, to suffer, and to die!  
 But 'twas to still the heart's own piercing cry  
 For Expiation. 'Twas divinely meant  
 To show which way Thy tender mercy went  
 When Thou createdst man—the remedy  
 For a disease which did thy pity move,  
 None 'scaping it—for none are good but Thou!  
 Oh, 'twas the crowning act of Thy dear love,  
 Supreme assurance, sent us from above,  
 That Thou would'st save, and with all joy endow  
 Thy children, trembling in their human sense  
 With dim mysterious warnings of offence.

## XXX.

“THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH, AND DWELT AMONG US.”

*St. John, i. 14.*

AND so Thou wert made man! A visible sign  
That Thou for ever didst by man mean well.  
Made man Thou wert; else how, Lord, could'st Thou tell  
How feels the human moulded from divine?  
What wars of being call for aid benign,  
And dear indulgence? What sad fears to quell,  
Which make Thee—Thee! Creator of a hell  
Forged by our sinful selves when fears condign  
Have blotted out Thy light. All this to know  
By sad experience, Thou to man wert made;  
And in this word—of man—the whole is said,  
All pain, all want, all fear, all forms of woe.  
In thought eternal these now rest with Thee,  
Thou took'st them on Thyself—but man is free!



## XXXI.

“WE ARE CHASTENED THAT WE BE NOT CONDEMNED.”

1 *Corinthians*, ii. 32.

YES, chastisement must be!—only, instead  
Of bitter vengeance, read corrective love.  
Methinks this thought would more impress and move,  
And realising influence o'er us shed,  
Than all fantastic terrors, bigot-bred.  
Souls by the just and true alone improve ;  
And true it is, that ill acts from above  
Draw down a retribution on the head ;  
But stripes of vengeful wrath no bettering bring.  
Only, when smitten by a Father's hand,  
We kiss the rod of heavenly chastening,  
That blossoms into joy like Aaron's wand.  
Oh, then 'twere wise weak mortals to protect  
From threats too horrible to take effect.

## XXXII.

“BEHOLD, THEREFORE, THE GOODNESS AND SEVERITY OF GOD.”

*Romans, ii. 22.*

SEVERITY indeed true kindness is,  
Inspired by love and wisdom. Never we,  
Like the wrong'd child of a false charity,  
Shall, in the next world, blame the Judge of this,  
Biting the hand which we pretend to kiss.  
No; for we feel that we are beings free,  
Not fetter'd by weak love, nor tyranny;—  
Nor can we say that God hath dealt amiss,  
When sufferings reach us from the depths of sin.  
Mortals we may suspect, who frown on us  
For their own pleasure, or who mine within  
Our sterner soul by flatteries dangerous.  
But God, we know, hath not a selfish end.  
Smiling, or frowning, still He must befriend.

## XXXIII.

“HE SHALL SEND THEM A SAVIOUR.”

*Isaiah, xix. 20.*

SAVIOUR! There is a beauty in the name!  
Who wants not saving from some ill of life?  
Who has not felt the torture and the strife  
Of guilt or sorrow bounding through the frame?  
Who has not seen some cloud of fear or shame  
Hang in his atmosphere, with threatenings rife?  
Or of keen Death the ready-whetted knife  
Towards his heart trembling?—Then, in woes the same,  
Men should be one in faith. O brotherhood  
Of sorrow, wherefore darken by a ban  
Of bigot cruelty, or cry for blood,  
The word which should be sorrow's talisman?  
Let me at least feel this, deep, deep within,  
If from naught else, Thou, Saviour, sav'st from sin!

## XXXIV.

AND HIS SOUL WAS GRIEVED FOR THE MISERY OF ISRAEL."

*Judges, x. 16.*

ART Thou a cold Abstraction, O Thou Source  
Of sweet affections, human tenderness ;  
When we are yearning with a deep distress,  
Feel'st Thou not ? Can no sorrow, no remorse,  
Touch Thee with somewhat of a kindred force ?  
Oh, dost Thou never grieve that we are less—  
Less perfect than Thyself, by the mere stress  
Of a rude nature, which, with devious course,  
Must run from Thee, that it may duly keep  
An individual will, and learn to choose  
The good way of itself ? Canst Thou refuse  
Thy sympathy for needs so sad and deep ?  
Thou canst not, dost not !—Sure our hearts may be  
That, when we harm ourselves, we sorrow Thee.

## XXXV.

"O, SPEAK GOOD OF THE LORD, ALL YE WORKS OF HIS, IN ALL PLACES OF  
HIS DOMINIONS."

*Psalm ciii. 22.*

ANSWER, with all thy pulses, throb and speak,  
Thou tender, palpitating heart of God!  
Through earth, through air, and caves of ocean broad,  
All throng'd with myriad beings, strong or weak  
In terror, or deep love! Flush on the cheek  
Of morn, breathe sweet from evening's dewy sod!  
Tremble in music, 'mid the choral ode  
That from the soft vale to the mountain peak  
Whispers or thunders!—Art Thou cold, or dead,  
Or vengeful?—Hush! A holy silence reigns:  
That our own heart, stilling our throbbing veins,  
And only with its own assurance fed,  
May be itself Thy answer and abode,  
O tender, palpitating heart of God!

## XXXVI.

“IN MY FATHER’S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS.”

*St. John, xiv. 2.*

YE orbs that tremble through infinity,  
And are ye, then, link’d only with our eyes,  
Dissever’d from our thoughts, our smiles, our sighs,—  
Our hopes and dreams of being, yet to be?  
Oh, if all nature be a harmony  
(As sure it is), why in those solemn skies  
Should ye our vision mock, like glittering lies  
To man all unrelated? Must I see  
Your glories only as a tinsell’d waste?  
If so, I half despise your spectacle!  
But, if I deem that ye form æras vast,  
And do, by mighty revolution, tell  
Time to intelligent existences;  
Awe-struck, I do assist at your solemnities!

## XXXVII.

“THE WOLF ALSO SHALL DWELL WITH THE LAMB.”

*Isaiah, xi. 6.*

IN the progressive spiral, up whose line  
We move, at moments seeming to descend,  
Yet ever rising to one mighty end,  
All things whate'er shall brighten and refine.  
Then shall not, too, the animal world combine  
In the great scheme, its sad estate to mend  
In temper and in joy? Must it not tend  
Godward, as springing, too, from love divine?  
It must! However humble in their sphere—  
God's minor creatures, those small sparks of thought,  
Which yet complete, and make our home more dear,  
Cannot from our existence quite die out;  
Nor, having 'herited God's bounty kind,  
Be razed for ever from th' Eternal Mind.

## XXXVIII.

"IT PLEAS'D THE FATHER BY HIM TO RECONCILE ALL THINGS UNTO HIMSELF,  
WHETHER THINGS ON EARTH OR THINGS IN HEAVEN."

*Colossians, i. 19, 20.*

WHERE spreads not Thy dominion, Saviour dear ?  
 Where is not Thy salvation's glory thrown ?  
 In heaven Thou wert—to earth Thou camest down—  
 Hell was dissolved before Thee. The vast tear  
 Of all creation Thou away didst clear,  
 And turn to music the tremendous groan  
 And travail of the birth that's laid upon  
 Whatever is not God ! . . Thrill'd out of fear,  
 The air by Thee was touch'd with rapture's glow !  
 At the brightness of Thy presence Earth did move  
 Her burthens to cast off—and put on love !  
 The sea saw that, and fled from her deep woe.  
 Heaven laugh'd, and glitter'd, as if fresh with morn ;  
 God gave a glorious smile—and Hope was born !



## XXXIX.

“ IF ANY MAN SIN, WE HAVE AN ADVOCATE WITH THE FATHER, JESUS CHRIST,  
THE RIGHTEOUS.”

*First Epistle of St. John, ii. 1.*

TURN, man of pleasure, from thy sickening round  
Of bosom-piercing joys! One moment scan  
Another life than thine—led too by man—  
His who, though frail, to God the way has found!  
Thou sinn’st; he too (for but by Death unbound  
Is Sin’s great chain). But thou, beneath the ban  
Of God, dost seem the fires of hell to fan  
Within thy bosom’s solitary bound,  
Each day more wretched. He, when faint and dim,  
Through errors manifold, his path hath grown,  
Still knows what blessed way he toileth on,  
And sees new light on the horizon’s rim;  
For there is One, who ’twixt despair and him  
For ever stands, pleading before God’s throne!

## XL.

“GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD.”

*Ephesians, iv. 30.*

EARTH'S giants, to be strong, must touch the Earth,—  
Heaven's children must grasp Heaven! Forfeit not  
The high prerogative of thy great lot,  
Thou soul, that once hast ta'en from Christ thy birth!  
Sensual delights not only will make dearth  
Within thee; but thy tender God forgot  
Will grieve, because thou form'st a thoughtless plot  
To mar creation's end—thy joy and mirth.  
Oh, say, what threatening of a wrath to come  
Can move thee like thy own upbraiding heart  
Whispering—thou hast return'd upon thy doom  
To pierce thy Saviour with a newer dart.  
Ingratitude! that word Heaven's self might dim!  
God means thee well—wilt thou mean ill to Him?

## XLI.

"IN THE DAY OF THY POWER SHALL THE PEOPLE OFFER THEE FREE-WILL  
OFFERINGS WITH AN HOLY WORSHIP."

*Psalm cx. 3.*

OH, specially, of those who love Thee now,  
Art Thou the Saviour in this world of ours,  
Just Son of God! If with resistless powers  
Thou didst all hearts unto Thy meek yoke bow,  
Thou would'st no freedom to our choice allow ;  
And Man, deprived of individual dowers,  
Void of self-conscious soul as trees or flowers,  
Would lose his birthright. But our thoughts will grow  
Beyond this narrow time, and æras view  
When all instruction unto all shall be  
By sorrow perfected harmoniously ;\*  
When wisdom, as in dreams, though dim yet true,  
Shall have distill'd before the heart, and move  
In now unwilling minds a Saviour's love.

\* Æsch. Agamemnon, 1st Cho. 163, *σρεσφ. β.*

## XLII.

“MARVEL NOT THAT I SAID, YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.”

*St. John, iii. 7.*

BORN out of God, with pain and bitter tears,  
Back unto God we must be born again,  
Also with struggle and reluctant pain !  
Our mortal days are types of greater years ;  
And all that to our body's eye appears  
In this great universe of loss and gain  
Shadows our inner life, and is a chain  
That ever linketh us by hopes and fears—  
By Terror and by Trust—by Life and Death—  
With grandeur. All this world is but a womb  
Unto another. As we draw our breath,  
We weep as infants do when first they come  
Into this orb. So strive we in our thirst  
To drink Heaven's air, which pains us at the first.

## XLIII.

“NOT FORSAKING THE ASSEMBLING OF OURSELVES TOGETHER.”

*Hebrews, x. 25.*

O HOUSE of prayer! Re-union fond and blest  
Of those whose paths do all the week diverge  
Far from each other!—some unto the surge  
That beats the world's next shore; some to the load  
Of labour; others to the weary road  
Of servitude; some war's parade to urge.  
Thou, that from vain distinctions bidd'st emerge  
All, telling only "Here is Man and God!"  
Image of social love! Sure the heart says  
That to forsake thee is to half abjure  
Our being, and the brotherhood erase  
Of man to man! Have we not felt full sure  
The holy bell that tolls to church to be  
Of all sounds fraught with most humanity?

## XLIV.

"BOTH LOW AND HIGH, RICH AND POOR, TOGETHER."

*Psalm xlix. 2.*

BUT, are our churches equal? Can the poor  
Beside the rich bow down the suppliant knee  
In human nature's sad equality?  
Do we reception free to all secure?  
Or rather not so bolt the churlish door  
Against whate'er in rags comes drearily,  
That force is laid on wretched poverty  
In vicious haunts a welcome to secure?  
This is a fountain of enormous woe,  
Which wants a branch of healing thrown therein  
To cleanse the very well-head of our sin!  
Reformers, men of love, to causes go!  
Tears, alms, of eloquence the silver call  
Will profit not like this—Give God to all!

## XLV.

“IF WE WALK IN LIGHT, WE HAVE FELLOWSHIP ONE WITH ANOTHER.”

*First Epistle of St. John, i. 7.*

How touching is it when in prayer's abode  
A thought comes o'er us with a sudden power,  
That some dear friend does at the self-same hour,  
In the same words and worship, bow to God?  
Perhaps our weary feet long time have trod  
A foreign land, and on a foreign shore,  
After privation long, we Heaven adore  
In our own ritual. Then our native sod  
Seems dearest; and for those we cherish there  
We tremble with a thrilling interest,  
And breathe to God our very tenderest prayer,  
Thinking 'tis echoed by a kindred breast.  
Oh, blest the bond—all other bonds above—  
Which binds the near, the far, in one vast love!

## XLVI.

“ I WILL DECLARE WHAT HE HATH DONE FOR MY SOUL.”

*Psalm lxxvi. 16.*

I COMMUNE with thee in my tenderest thought,  
 Thou, who my strain mayst read. Oh, also give  
 To me one gentle feeling! I but live  
 By one deep pulse, a hope from Heaven caught,  
 That my existence be to others fraught  
 With love and use. Such hope will not deceive!  
 Of all things here the sweet prerogative—  
 Even if it be from depths of sorrow brought—  
 Is to teach something! Oh, could I explain  
 Redemption's mystery! Perhaps thy breast  
 Quivers, as once did mine, for something blest  
 To quench thy burning thoughts with gracious rain,  
 And still Doubt's blasphemy. Is such thy pain?  
 Christ was made man for thee.—He gave *me* rest!



## XLVII.

“HIS BANNER OVER ME WAS LOVE.”

*Cant. ii. 4.*

HE who loves best knows most. Then why should I  
 Let my tired thoughts so far, so restless run,  
 In quest of knowledge underneath the sun,  
 Or round about the wide-encircling sky?  
 Nor earth nor heaven are read by scrutiny!  
 But touch me with a Saviour's love divine,  
 I pierce at once to wisdom's inner shrine,  
 And my soul seeth all things like an eye.  
 Then have I treasures, which to fence and heed  
 Makes weakness bold and folly wisdom-strung,  
 As doves are valorous to guard their young,  
 And larks are wary from their nests to lead.  
 Is there a riddle, and resolved you need it?  
 Love—only love—and you are sure to read it!

## XLVIII.

"PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR,"

1 *John*, iv. 18.

SEEST thou with dread creation's mystery?  
Dost thou life's drear enigma beat in vain?  
Hast thou a cloud upon thy heart and brain?  
Love—only love—and all resolved shall be!  
Art thou a fool in this world's subtlety?  
Must thou thy fond belief still rue with pain  
In all thy fancy deem'd was joy and gain?  
Love—only love—and wisdom comes to thee!  
But, mind, thy love must be a heavenly fire:  
For flames, from any earthly shrine ascending,  
Kindled in vanity, in woe expire,  
And leave experience o'er but ashes bending.  
Then, too, the fear of God's avenging rod  
Can only be escaped by loving God!

## XLIX.

“I WILL PURELY PURGE AWAY THY DROSS.”

*Isaiah, i. 25.*

OUR sins from fire a dreadful emblem make  
Of punishment, and woes that never tire :—  
And yet how friendly—beautiful is fire !  
Truth, dress'd in fable, tells us it did wake  
Man from brute sleep, Heaven's bounty to partake,  
And arts, and love, and rapture of the lyre.  
The cottage hearth, the taper's friendly spire,  
Have images to soften hearts that ache.  
Virtuous is fire. The stars give thoughts of love,  
And the sun chaseth ill desires away.  
Fire cleanses too ; by it we gold do prove,  
And precious silver hath its bright assay.  
Why then not deem the Bible's fires mean this—  
Evil all melted, to make way for bliss ?

## L.

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

*St. John, xviii. 38.*

OH, how we pine for truth! for something more  
Than husks of learning! How did ancient Greece  
Hang on the virtuous lips of Socrates,  
Turning from words more sounding to adore  
The wisdom that sent souls to their own store  
For knowledge. So let us our hearts release!  
'Tis time the jargon of the schools should cease—  
Errors that rot Theology's deep core,  
Lying at the base of things. Down, down must fall  
The glittering edifice, cemented much  
With blood, yet baseless. At Truth's simple touch  
All the vain fabric will be shatter'd—all!  
But not the Bible! Nature there is stored,  
And God! Eternal is the Saviour's Word!

## LI.

“BLINDNESS IN PART HAS HAPPENED TO ISRAEL.”

*Romans, xi. 25.*

YES! We a new revealing glad shall see,  
When the Old Revelation shines restored  
Unto the beauty of its simple word :  
There is a Reformation yet to be!  
Our Church, indeed, hath a deep purity ;—  
But is she understood ? The fountains, stored  
Within her breast, are they in clearness pour'd  
Down to where men may drink them peacefully ?  
Not so ! Her glory and her holy awe  
To send all mortals to the living stream,  
Placing herself *beneath* the Bible's law  
Subordinate—of this we scarcely deem  
Enough. This is her rock—no shifting sand—  
On this foundation shall she ever stand !

## LII.

“THE PERFECT LAW OF LIBERTY.”

*First Epistle of St. James, i. 25.*

O PERFECT Law of Liberty Divine,  
 Where all is choice—for ever Force annull'd!  
 How can we gaze on thee with spirits dull'd,  
 And apprehensions doing wrong to thine!  
 How dost thou with all Nature's love combine  
 On her wide fields; where sweetest things are cull'd,  
 And flowers from off their stalks by children pull'd  
 Without reproof from her smile benign!  
 Why quick to tremble, to enjoy so slow?  
 Why not ask simply of our happy heart,  
 Lured by a pleasure: “Does it harm or no?  
 Leads it from God, or to him?” . . . So the smart  
 Of pain would be prevented, or depart  
 Ere it had ripen'd into too much woe.

## LIII.

“LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?”

*St. John, vi. 68.*

To whom, or whither, should we go from Thee,  
 O Christ? Beyond ourselves, beyond all law  
 Of hope, and being; beyond love and awe;  
 Beyond creation—to some shoreless sea,—  
 To one huge blot of dreary vacancy?  
 I look around, above, below; I draw  
 On stores that sensual vision never saw—  
 I ransack piles of old philosophy!  
 Nothing I find, except the self-same thing,  
 One deep expression of tremendous want,  
 Nothing that even pretends to seal the grant  
 That to the heart's great void shall fulness bring!  
 Then, Saviour, I sink back before Thy knee,  
 And all things find in Thee, and only Thee!

## LIV.

“ALL HIS TRANSGRESSIONS THAT HE HATH COMMITTED, THEY SHALL NOT  
BE MENTIONED UNTO HIM.”

*Ezekiel, xviii. 22.*

O WATERS of Oblivion, Fable fair!  
When back across the Past with throbbing brain  
In thought we journey, thou dost mock our pain,  
Like the false fountains on a desert's glare!  
Our fancy grasps thee, though thou be but air,  
And bitter the heart's cry, “In vain! in vain!”  
Oh then, if Heaven should whisper, “Seek again!  
And thou may'st yet to real brooks repair;  
Stretch thy faint limbs, and wander or repose  
By the green pasture and the cooling stream,  
Dissolving quite the memory of thy woes  
In present ecstasy.” The hope and dream  
Of such delight might make the desert bloom!  
What then, if it be true, this side the tomb?



## LV.

“THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN.”

*1 Corinthians, xv. 56.*

“OH, Death will be so beautiful!” one said  
 To me; a child he was by sickness worn;—  
 I look’d at him. His face was like the morn  
 When from its beauty the dull vapours glide!  
 The dusky curtains that the next world hide  
 Seem’d for a moment’s space asunder torn!  
 “My Saviour loves me!” Yet again he sigh’d,  
 And upward gazed with eye beatified;—  
 That look with him unto the grave was borne!  
 Oh, could we smile into the next world too!  
 Why not? O bounteous Nature, bounteous Grace,  
 If Death be dread, ’tis we who make it so,  
 Straying alike from God and Nature’s face.  
 Two lovely roads lead to our common rest—  
 Forgiveness, Innocence—and both are best!

## LVI.

“WHOSOEVER SHALL NOT RECEIVE THE KINGDOM OF GOD AS A LITTLE CHILD  
SHALL IN NO WISE ENTER THEREIN.”

*St. Luke, xviii. 17.*

THE sting of death doth neither fright the worm  
That spins itself in peace a silken tomb,  
Nor the forgiven child. Death is life's womb.  
O'er life, o'er death, alike we spread the storm,  
By straying from our being's simple form.  
Bright are our natural faculties in bloom  
Of childhood ; free from terror and from gloom  
Is our life's year when in its tender germ.  
) The little child hath never doubt of God ! )  
Ay, even the ploughman is more near to Heaven  
Who feels our nature's want to be forgiven  
(As childlike more) than he who with a load  
Of sin and learning, Pride's rebellious son,  
Hating old age and death, unto the grave toils on !

## LVII.

"IN RETURNING AND REST SHALL YE BE SAVED."

*Isaiah, xxx. 15.*

YES! There are hearts that, when I am no more,  
Will love my verse! It to their hearts will creep  
Like music they have long'd for, still and deep,  
Loosing those chains that brain and bosom o'er  
Are wove by Terrors haunting death's dread shore,  
And Doubts that ask why here we toil and weep,  
Scarce knowing why we came into this sleep  
Call'd Life. A spirit from my strain will pour,  
Whispering, that God is good and Nature kind,  
And that our struggles make our agony :  
And that to rest beneath the steadfast eye  
Of God, and sit in holy stillness shrined,  
Turns all things into calm reality,  
And taketh all the burthen from the mind.

## LVIII.

“EVERY SCRIBE WHICH IS INSTRUCTED UNTO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS  
 LIKE UNTO A MAN THAT IS AN HOUSEHOLDER, WHICH BRINGETH FORTH  
 OUT OF HIS TREASURE THINGS NEW AND OLD.”

*St. Matthew, xiii. 52.*

OUT of the treasures of His boundless soul  
 Christ brought things new and old, or rather both.  
 For Truth is not susceptible of growth,  
 Being, like God, Nature's unchanging pole.  
 Yet sweet varieties about it roll  
 From one great centre, as from north to south  
 The climates run, with moisture or with drouth,  
 Or cold, or heat. But when the world doth dole  
 From out its own small store what seemeth new,  
 But is old error, small is our content ;  
 For from the false comes no development,  
 And never is the common-place the true.  
 Go, learn of Him whose word has changeless truth,  
 Like air, or water, or the sky's fresh youth.

## LIX.

“CAN YE NOT DISCERN THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES?”

*St. Matthew, xvi. 3.*

Is the earth Christian? Not till States are so!  
Not till the leaven in the heart of kings  
Works; not till principles are one with things;  
Not till all fellow-men shall own no foe  
But error; not till war-blood stops to flow;  
Not till man's sacred life, with holy awe,  
Is saved, but never taken by the law!  
Not till in Judgment's place Correction show  
Her sacred countenance. When these things are,  
They will proclaim Evangelism more  
Than missions sent to India's furthest shore,  
Or Judah's city, rising like a star.  
But faint not, hoping soul, for in the sky  
Are signs that night is spent and day is nigh.

## LX.

THE LAW IS HOLY, AND THE COMMANDMENT HOLY AND JUST AND GOOD."  
*Romans, vii. 12.*

WHAT are the laws of God? Our being they,  
The true expression of our health and joy.  
No arbitrary phrases they employ;  
No prohibitions fertile to betray.  
'Tis true that, if transgress'd, they bring alway  
A penalty; but pleasure's broken toy  
Yields wisdom wrought from sorrow and annoy,  
Warning us back to nature's happy way;  
And pain is not so much a punishment,  
As a great lesson we must learn or die!  
Thou hast no tortures in thy treasury,  
O God, but medicines kind and prevalent  
To soothe or heal, when we ungenerous  
Have sinn'd against ourselves and Thee in us.

## LXI.

“WHEN MY SPIRIT WAS OVERWHELMED WITHIN ME, THEN THOU KNEWEST  
MY PATH.”

*Psalm cxlii. 3.*

I WANTED Thee, my God, yet knew not how  
To seize Thy beauty in my being's gulf!  
Unable was I even to find myself,  
How much less Thee! And so I do avow  
Tangled I was in this world's treacherous *now*,  
'Till, waking from a dream of petty pelf,  
I found myself upon the trembling shelf  
Of a great rock—waves gushing deep below—  
And cliff above my head. 'Twas horrible!  
My brain reel'd round; my foot no more could cling  
To any spot of earth. Dizzy, I fell!—  
But where, indeed, O God of comforting,  
Except into Thy arms? Though blind to Thee,  
I found Thou, all along, hadst look'd on me.

## LXII.

“NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.”

*2 Corinthians, vi. 2.*

PRESS on our foreheads Thy salvation-seal  
Now, now, O dear Redeemer of the world!  
Lest, when Thy glorious standard be unfurl'd,  
In Thy great day, we should but anguish feel  
And shame; lest light should all our sins reveal  
To all creation; and, by anguish whirl'd,  
We from Thy glorious presence should be hurl'd  
To lower grades of being! With glad zeal,  
Oh, let us now ourselves by Thee restore;  
Accept Thy covenant and Thy marriage dress,  
Lest deep ingratitude should sink us more  
Even than our sins, to sorrows measureless!  
Which shall we do—be human or divine?  
Stand by our merits, or accept of Thine?



## LXIII.

“IT DOTHT NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE.”

*First Epistle of St. John, iii. 2.*

WE cannot know, indeed, how much were lost  
By present negligence; but this we know,  
That in our exit from this world of woe,  
It is the next step that concerns us most!  
The dream of torture and the wailing ghost  
Are nothing; but to fall ourselves below,  
To be more exiled from our God than now,  
Were horrible! Oh, what a fearful coast  
It were to land on, peopled by dark souls;  
Many, yet lonely,—by communion worse,—  
Stranded upon creation's outcast shoals,  
The dregs and refuse of the universe!  
Whose pain were to behold, both near and far,  
God as he is, ourselves too as we are!

## LXIV.

“WITH DESTRUCTION FROM THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD.”

*2 Thessalonians, i. 9.*

SAY, dost thou know what one sad moment were,  
That were of God deprived utterly ?  
Hast thou been sick in spirit, bound, yet free,  
To let thy fancies riot in despair ?  
Hast thou so breathed an unsubstantial air,  
As, like a ghastly dream, the world to see,  
To lose the sense of great reality ;  
Unto the land of madness to repair,  
Keeping thy consciousness ? Then hence divine,  
What were whole cycles of such banishment ;  
And think each moment worse than idly spent,  
That does not draw thee nearer to the shrine  
Whence only pleasure flows, where dwelleth He  
Who only makes Life, Love, Reality !

## LXV.

“THY MERCY IS GREATER THAN THE HEAVENS.”

*Psalm cviii. 4.*

O GREATER than the heavens Thy mercy is,  
God, for it doth include the universe!  
There is with Thee no anger and no curse!  
Nor was—even then when man first did amiss!  
Even then Thy love and truth did meet and kiss.  
Thy boundless love no boon imperfect gave,  
Nor did create till it decreed to save,  
And wrap existence in eternal bliss!  
But we, who take a portion for the whole  
Of Thy great plan; who, in our narrow range,  
Scarce our conceptions bring to the next change  
Of being; how shall we Thy scheme unroll,  
Which goes through cycles, working endlessly  
Back from sin's dreary nothing unto Thee!

## LXVI.

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THEM THAT LOVE GOD."  
*Romans, viii. 28.*

OH, what a load of struggle and distress  
Falls off before the Cross! The feverish care;  
The wish that we were other than we are;  
The sick regrets; the yearnings numberless;  
The thought, "this might have been," so apt to press  
On the reluctant soul; even past despair,  
Past sin itself,—all—all is turn'd to fair,  
Ay, to a scheme of order'd happiness,  
So soon as we love God, or rather know  
That God loves us! . . . Accepting the great pledge  
Of His concern for all our wants and woe,  
We cease to tremble upon danger's edge;  
While varying troubles form and burst anew,  
Safe in a Father's arms, we smile as infants do!

## LXVII.

“JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.”  
*Hebrews, xiii. 8.*

I KNOW that Thou wilt love me without end, ✓✓✓  
 Saviour; that nought Thy fixed Truth can shake;  
 That Thou my woes wilt soften and partake,  
 Though every love were far and every friend;  
 That Thou through every danger wilt defend,  
 And of my heart a fenced garden make,  
 Where evil scarce may enter, for Thy sake.  
 So on Thy changeless Word do I depend,  
 As on a mother the most trusting child;—  
 And thus in Thee my being I ensphere,  
 Beyond the reach of earthly tempests wild.  
 I only rest, while round me all doth move,  
 And pillow all my heart upon Thy love.

## LXVIII.

“A LAW UNTO THEMSELVES.”

*Romans, ii. 14.*

OH, who can doubt with man Thy Spirit strove,  
Out of the pale even of Thy chosen race ;  
Wherever struggling from the vile and base  
There shone a spark of beauty and bright love ?  
But most where thirst of knowledge deep did move—  
Knowledge of what we are, whither we pace  
Along life's darkling road—how best to brace  
Our nature to a height itself above !  
And so, by souls half-touch'd with prophet-fire  
(Not wholly—to make known what faults remain  
Where Thou didst not bestow Thyself entire—),  
The path for Thy great Advent was made plain ;  
And mortals, who on Plato's words had hung,  
Were thus prepared to hear a wiser tongue.

## LXIX.

' NEVERTHELESS, THOUGH I AM SOMETIME AFRAID, YET PUT I MY TRUST  
IN THEE."

*Psalm lvi. 3.*

FORSAKE me not! Oh, if Thou could'st indeed,  
For me were blotted out earth, sea, and sky!  
Give me Thyself, what canst Thou then deny?  
Thyself, if Thou deny me, all is need!  
Without Thee, I am but a worthless weed  
Fit to be thrown away. But Thou be nigh,  
And flowers, and fruit, and festal luxury,  
Unto my drooping and my dearth succeed.  
My God, forgive these seeming doubts of Thee!  
I play with language, but I feel no fears!  
To me Thy faithfulness so true appears,  
My very sins have no alarm for me.  
Not like the world, disheriting its child,  
Dost Thou prove fickle, where Thou once hast smiled.

## LXX.

“AND HE SAID, LET ME GO, FOR THE DAY BREAKETH. AND HE SAID, I WILL NOT LET THEE GO, EXCEPT THOU BLESS ME.”

*Genesis, xxxii. 26.*

OH, go-not from me till the morning break,  
And daylight, struggling in my heart's dark east,  
Be from night's dusky bondage all released !  
Not yet, not yet, my panting soul forsake !  
Thy light withdrawn would now within me make  
Worse darkness than of yore, and pain increased  
By the sharp agony of hope deceased !  
What do I say ? Of Thee such hold I 'll take,  
To wrestle with Thee task such powers of life,  
That Thou shalt leave me not, till by full day  
Thou bless me, and Thy face to me display  
Brighter than dawn ! If through the fiery strife  
I to the world should henceforth halting go,  
Methinks I 'd bless the touch that made me so.



## LXXI.

“CHRIST HATH REDEEMED US FROM THE CURSE OF THE LAW.”

*Galatians, iii. 13*

How slavish is the fear that ties the tongue,  
When we would sing of free-redeeming grace,  
Lest men should deem we leave the law no place,  
And should be reckon'd libertines among!  
Yes! Libertines are we! The weight that hung  
Upon our souls, a bondage dull and base,  
Now leaves no blush upon our cleared face.  
What matters us men's judgments? We have flung  
Away all thought but this—that sin we hate  
Because it bars us from our only joy—  
From Thee, dear Lord! What Thou cam'st to destroy  
That we rebuild not; whether the dull state  
Of old tyrannic law, or tyrant sin:  
We cast all from us, only Thee to win.

## LXXII.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

*St. Matthew, vi. 10.*

MY God, whene'er a cry for earthly fame  
Thrills from the deep recesses of my soul,  
Do Thou th' unchasten'd energy control,  
And turn it into zeal for Thy dear name ;  
Recal to me what ought to be my aim,  
What thoughts should clothe me in the meek grey stole  
Of sweet humility, and backward roll  
Visions of glory that would end in shame  
Unblest by Thee! Tell me that I am Thine,  
Purchased by ties of costly gratitude ;  
Bid me remember all my struggles rude  
And Thy deliverancé. From my heart's low shrine  
Call but one humble prayer, "Thy kingdom come,  
And may I forward it through every doom."

## LXXIII.

“IN THY PRESENCE IS FULNESS OF JOY.”

*Psalm xvi. 11.*

EACH day, O Lord, in this poor mode of mine,  
I strive to paint Thee better to my heart,  
That it may love Thee more. What if I start  
Sometimes at shadows that obscure Thy shrine,  
Dim earthly vapours breathed o'er light divine,  
Wrought into spectral shapes by Fear's bad art,  
Even to the acting of so dread a part  
As that of Hindoo deities which twine  
Into one form of horror. . . Yet not long  
I mar Thy goodness by a dream like this.  
I see Thee in all beauty, in all bliss ;  
In light, and loveliness, and poet's song.  
Thus much at least I know : from out Thy store  
Of joy, the more I take, I find the more.

## LXXIV.

“LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.”

*Romans, xiii. 10.*

DUTY, thou man-made word! In what sad hour  
 Didst thou usurp Love's liberal revenue?  
 Say, doth the honey-bee its Duty do  
 When it in bliss is clinging to the flower?  
 Do breezes creep into a woodbine bower  
 Through Duty's hedge? Or do the billows blue,  
 When God with peace their restless couch doth strew,  
 For Duty's sake die on the golden shore?  
 Where art thou, Duty, in all nature, where?  
 Where, in the Book of God? Oh, where indeed,  
 Save in the hypocrite's dull calendar,  
 Or in the tyrant's blood-imprinted creed?  
 In Heaven's true language, teach me from above,  
 Thou art but Order, that doth work by Love.

## LXXV.

“ WE CANNOT ORDER OUR SPEECH BY REASON OF DARKNESS.”

*Job, xxxvii. 19.*

THE name, what matters, if we have the thing ?  
 True! But how have the thing without the name ?  
 Words are most potent sorcerers to tame  
 The spirit, and from shuddering depths to bring  
 False ugly phantoms upon bat-like wing.  
 Potent are words for honour, love, or shame,  
 Or dread. Be heedful how you use the same!  
 For 'tis the letter killeth—ravelling  
 The twine of thought into a tangled skein.  
 Words grow to principles, and these again  
 With life are fraught, or have a deathlike barb ;  
 And age must rue the poison'd lore of youth.  
 For anything so beautiful as Truth,  
 'Tis fit we make the most transparent garb.

## LXXVI.

“IF YE SHALL SAY UNTO THIS MOUNTAIN, BE THOU REMOVED AND BE THOU  
CAST INTO THE SEA, IT SHALL BE DONE.”

*St. Matthew, xxi. 21.*

MOUNTAINS of sin from off my panting breast  
Were at Thy word removed. There came a faith,  
Into my soul, more strong than woe or death ;  
Yet lay I weaker than an infant's rest  
Beneath thine eye. The agony, that prest  
Erewhile my brain, I felt had been the breath  
That even in its torture quickeneth,  
And of my sorrow I had gain'd the west  
To rise on other worlds. . . Oh miracle !  
What were Olympus, crumbled in the sea,  
Unto the heaps of anguish moved from me ;  
And in Thy love, O Lord, made soluble ?—  
Thy love, an ocean, whose abyss profound  
The plummet-line of thought did never sound.

## LXXVII.

“AND HE GAVE THEM THEIR REQUEST; BUT SENT LEANNESS INTO THEIR SOULS.”

*Psalm cvi. 15.*

OH, give me not, dear Lord, my heart's desire,  
 If to my spirit it must hunger bring!  
 Rather would I be steep'd in suffering  
 Than of Thy bounty and Thy presence tire!  
 Fill'd with earth's benefits, to mount no higher  
 Than earth—*that* were, indeed, a dreadful thing  
 For spiritual essence, that should mount and sing  
 Even till some faint notes of the heavenly quire  
 Should with its own be blended. . . But the crime  
 Of Israel was to doubt—a sin no less  
 Than to ask wrongly—doubt Thy power sublime  
 To spread a table in the wilderness.  
 So will not I!—but deem that I shall taste  
 The food of angels through the world's wide waste.

## LXXVIII.

“THEREFORE WILL HE BE EXALTED, THAT HE MAY HAVE MERCY UPON YOU.”  
*Isaiah, xxx. 18.*

WHY through the scheme of God doth vengeance roll ?  
 Because, alas, men know too well the word !—  
 Because it like a trumpet's note is heard,  
 Waking no doubtful echo in the soul !—  
 Because we are, in truth, most apt to stroll  
 In doubtful ways :—and to the common herd  
 The scourge is needful !—Nor, indeed, were stirr'd  
 Longings within us for a heavenly goal,  
 Without opposing shades of pain and fear.  
 Yet in the Bible are there sayings dear,  
 Where God's great love, as if to make a path  
 Direct unto our apprehensions dull,  
 Dropping the garment of a dusky wrath,  
 Stands forth in naked mercy beautiful.



## LXXIX.

## GOOD FRIDAY IN COLOGNE.

"AND THERE WAS DARKNESS OVER ALL THE EARTH UNTIL THE NINTH HOUR."

*St. Luke, xxiii. 44.*

THROUGH the hush'd air not even a bird is winging :  
O'er the dead city broods mysterious rest ;  
As if a Sabbath morning did invest  
The air with stillness. But no bells are ringing,  
Such as to Sabbath morns their joy are bringing ;  
And if, with pausing step, we linger near  
Some sacred fane, there comes upon the ear  
No sound of organ or of holy singing.  
It is the silence of a world ashamed !  
The pause that marks the dread mysterious day  
When He, who deign'd to share our mortal clay,  
Bought all creation with a life unblamed.  
Such silence seems our sorrow's mute confession,  
Of speechless gratitude the best expression.

## LXXX.

“WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD? HE IS NOT HERE, BUT I  
RISEN!”

*St. Luke, xxiv. 56.*

SELDOM is sorrow to the bosom near  
Without a joy in prospect. While we brood  
Upon the Friday, which we well call *Good*,  
Our thoughts flow onward to a day as dear,  
But fraught with demonstration of a cheer  
That suiteth less a penitential mood  
Than gushings of an open gratitude—  
The day which raised the Saviour from his bier  
Unto immortal life; when sorrowing came  
Two faithful women to Christ's sepulchre,  
And heavenly voices said, “He is not here,  
But risen!”—the glad day when, without blame,  
Glad bells shall ring.—Our Sabbath, ours so blest,  
Which changed God's resting-day into our rest!

## LXXXI.

“WHO SHALL ROLL US AWAY THE STONE FROM THE DOOR OF THE SEPULCHRE ?

“AND WHEN THEY LOOKED, THEY SAW THAT THE STONE *was* ROLLED AWAY;—FOR IT WAS VERY GREAT.” *St. Mark, xvi. 3, 4.*

THERE where my sins, O Lord, had buried Thee,  
 Was placed the stone of my remorseful heart,  
 Forbidding Thee again to life to start,  
 Sealing Thee in with my captivity.  
 Oh, who from this dread load Thy love should free ?  
 For it was very great—a rock of Fear,  
 That seem'd to guard Thy gracious sepulchre,  
 And make a tomb for Hope. As slain by me,  
 Ay, even as if Thou wert a lifeless frame,  
 I sought Thee in Thy grave, scarce deeming so,  
 As to embalm Thee with a costly woe.  
 But, lo, when to the sepulchre I came,  
 I saw the heavy stone *was* roll'd away,  
 And on it sate an Angel bright as day !

## LXXXII.

“AND SAW JESUS STANDING, AND KNEW NOT THAT IT WAS JESUS.”

*St. John, XX. 14.*

EVEN from the grave, where He had lain inurn'd,  
 My Christ was gone. Angels indeed were there,  
 Yet saw I but the empty sepulchre,  
 In my great longing Him to have discern'd,  
 Towards whom alone my panting spirit yearn'd.  
 If ask'd “Why weepest thou?” I said—“They have  
 Taken my Lord away from out His grave,  
 Nor know I where they have laid Him.” Then I turn'd,  
 And saw a form in twilight dimness standing,  
 And knew not it was He for whom I wept;—  
 Yet o'er my frame foreboding tremors crept,  
 A sweet commotion, like to grief's disbanding!—  
 I felt my heart grow big, my cheek turn hot.  
 Yes; He was near me—though I knew it not!

## LXXXIII.

“IF THOU HAVE BORNE HIM HENCE, TELL ME WHERE THOU HAST LAID HIM.”

*St. John, xx. 15.*

WHAT marvel if the whole wide world about  
(No longer wide to me, but narrow made  
As if 'twere all one tomb) I mourning stray'd,  
Seeking my only Good, wrongly devout ?  
So many mists, by mortal creeds breathed out,  
Made twilight everywhere and dreary shade,  
I could not tell where men my Christ had laid.  
So, though He stood beside me, my rash doubt  
Buried His nearness in a dim eclipse ;  
And, like to Mary when her trembling lips  
Even to Himself did the inquiry frame,  
“ Where lies He now ? ”—so did I syllable  
Vain words. But when He gently breathed my name  
I knew His voice, and at His feet I fell.

## LXXXIV.

“TOUCH ME NOT, FOR I AM NOT YET ASCENDED TO MY FATHER.”

*St. John, xx. 17.*

“TOUCH Me not yet,” the risen Saviour said,  
Meaning (if thought pass onward in free range)  
“Touch Me not yet! Because not void of change  
Has Death his wondrous hand upon Me laid.  
No more must earthly love My rest invade ;  
To thee, as bodily form, I must be strange,  
Lest unsufficing thoughts of Me avenge  
Within thy bosom Passion’s very shade.  
Touch Me not yet! but when I am ascended  
Unto My God and yours, then clasp Me round  
Until in Me thy every thought be blended  
By heavenly love and sympathy profound.  
Too near Me, then, thou canst not, canst not be,  
I dwelling in thee, thou transfused in Me !”

## LXXXV.

“ THEN CAME JESUS, THE DOORS BEING SHUT, AND STOOD IN THE MIDST,  
AND SAID, PEACE BE UNTO YOU.”

*St. John, xx. 26.*

PEACE, peace be unto you, were the dear words  
The Saviour breathed to the assembled few,  
Who, infidel towards Heaven, yet earthly true,  
Grieved when they should have struck joy's loftiest  
chords

For Sacrifice accomplish'd. But the Lord's  
Compassion fail'd not. . . “ Peace be unto you !”  
Again He said, as if on them the dew  
Which sweet assurance to the heart affords  
Doubly to shed. Even so, dear Lord, to me  
How soon did Thy sweet graciousness o'erlay  
Needful upbraiding for distrust in Thee.  
Thy power and promise had stood true alway,  
And so I now beheld, while love breathed out,  
“ O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt ?”

## LXXXVI.

“FOR HE IS OUR PEACE.”

*Ephesians, ii. 14.*

PEACE, of immortal life both root and seed,  
 Joy's quintessence, thou remedy and balm  
 For every ill ; thou soft thanksgiving psalm  
 Of lips that tremble and of hearts that bleed ;  
 Thou true Activity—for none, indeed,  
 Are truly active but the inly calm.  
 Thou, the more prest, more springing, like the palm  
 That grows by weights. . . I ask'd thee, in my need,  
 And said, “ Oh, if I live, or if I die,  
 Give me but calmness, God ! ” I did not know  
 The meaning of my prayer ! My heart was slow,  
 Saviour, for Thy dear self alone to sigh,  
 Or find, amidst my drear captivity,  
 To give me calmness, was to give me Thee.



## LXXXVII.

"IN THIS PLACE I WILL GIVE PEACE, SAITH THE LORD."

*Haggai, ii. 9.*

PEACE! Yes, I sought thee in the summer skies,  
Deep in the fragrance of the violet,  
And of all earliest blooms, with spring-dew wet,  
By brook, and bank ; amidst all melodies  
That do from universal nature rise ;  
Then, in the languish, fire, and fond regret  
Of human hearts. But never thee I met.  
Glimpses I had that gleam'd before my eyes  
Of somewhat like to thee ; but I forgot  
That light like thine must issue from a gloom,  
And so in sorrow's shade I sought thee not !  
So much the dearer thou towards me to come  
Thyself, and out of woe to make me blest—  
Thou didst it all, my Saviour, Thou, my Rest !

## LXXXVIII.

“PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU, MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.”

*St. John, xiv. 27.*

PEACE, worthy gift to be the Saviour's last,  
 Because thou art Himself. . . be Thou my state  
 Not less than good supreme! Oh, gently mate  
 With all my acts!—and into nothing cast  
 The stormy agitations of the past,  
 For they, indeed, were nothing! Early and late  
 Possess my soul, to make me truly great,  
 Thou only being greatness! . . . No dull waste  
 Art thou; no dream of stagnant solitude,  
 But one with Order. Storms in bridles go,  
 Out of the general rest do earthquakes grow,  
 And God strives never, though the world seem rude.  
 Oh, could I lie upon His breathing breast,  
 And catch a portion of His active rest!

## LXXXIX.

“NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH, GIVE I UNTO YOU.”

*St. John, xiv. 27.*

NOT as the world gives, givest Thou, indeed,  
Blest Lord of peace! Pleasures that end in sighs—  
Tears of dull sorrow—bitter agonies—  
A hollow love that fails us in our need—  
Wrong judgments—mockery when our bosoms bleed—  
These are the presents which the world supplies  
Out of its poison-caves, and treasuries:  
Unto our vassalage and slavish heed.  
O Lord of love and life, and inner joy,  
Thy gifts are different, sure—a gentle ray  
That makes the heart more lightsome every day,  
A faithfulness no wrongs of ours destroy,—  
A thousand pleasures, innocent and coy,  
Forgiveness when we err, and guidance when we stray.

## XC.

“WHERE THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS—THERE IS LIBERTY.”

*2 Corinthians, iii. 17.*

I HEARD a child, on a fair summer day,  
Its mother ask—“ Who made these flowers—this sod?”  
The mother answer’d gently—“ The good God  
Who gave His Son that you might freely play,  
And happy be.” Then joyfully did stray  
The child; and Pleasure follow’d where he trod.  
Nature was glad. Obeying zephyr’s nod  
The green leaves twinkled; and the brooklet gay  
Danced to the sound of its own melody.  
Light clouds roved free o’er Heaven’s fields of blue;  
The sweet birds sang as if their song was new.  
And leaves, and brooks, and clouds, and birds for me  
Said but these happy words—“ Be free, be free,  
Christ has given all things joy and liberty !”

## XCI.

"EYES TO THE BLIND."

*Job, xxix. 15.*

Oh, joy it is when we our mission find,  
 Even if it be to wipe the humblest tear,  
 Or still the very faintest human fear.  
 But something it must be for human kind!  
 How else appease the thirst of soul and mind—  
 Remorse—which most doth wait on wasted powers  
 The rankling nothingness of trifled hours  
 And thwarted aims? Feel'st thou that thou art blind?  
 Go unto Nature. Beauty, Joy, and Use,  
 Are sever'd but in man's philosophy.  
 The rose does more than feed the honey bee;  
 Nothing dies in itself. Only unloose  
 In Christ—Creation's eye—thy filmy sight,  
 And thou on earth shalt choose thy place aright.

## XCII.

"I WILL GLORY OF THE THINGS WHICH CONCERN MINE INFIRMITIES."

*2 Corinthians, xi. 30.*

HE, who did boast his own infirmities  
As his best right, in this my rule shall be ;  
Lord, in Thy sight, I have no other plea  
Save that I want Thy precious sacrifice !  
Behold me ! dust and ashes in Thine eyes ;  
Yet has the blood of Christ been shed for me,  
Therefore I needs must have a dignity ;  
Nor dare I even my wretched self despise  
For whom Thou didst Thy Father's bosom leave,  
To live and die in sorrow. Let me, then,  
The more my depths lie open to my ken,  
Rise but the more in Thee ! When most I grieve,  
Most let me triumph in a joy divine,  
Felt to be dearest because wholly Thine.

## XCV.

"THEY GROPE IN THE DARK WITHOUT LIGHT."\*

*Job, xii. 25.*

SAY not Earth yields no knowledge because thou  
Standest in clouds upon a mountain's peak ;  
It was thy choice the baffling mist to seek  
Which had not wrapt thee hadst thou stood below.  
Somewhere 'tis always light. The sun even now  
Doth in the vale bring smiles to Nature's cheek :  
The peasant walks and stumbles not. The meek,  
Though sorrow-tried, lift up a cheerful brow ;  
But they go darkling who too high will climb  
With error's mist about their too-proud soul.  
Choose a clear day, then seek a lofty goal,  
And thou shalt see things distant and sublime ;  
But, when the vapours lie upon the height,  
Content thyself with Earth's most humble sight.

Suggested by a Sonnet of Keats, beginning

"Read me a lesson, Muse, and speak it loud!"

*Life and Letters of Keats, edited by R. MONCKTON MILNES, vol. i. p. 189.*

## XCVI.

“ SHE SAW THE CHILD, AND BEHOLD THE BABE WEPT.”

*Exodus, ii. 6.*

WHEN in a dream of spirit I behold  
Egypt's great river as it lapsed of yore,  
With pomp of Pharaohs on its mighty shore  
And nothing of its antique glory cold ;  
Sudden I leave those splendours manifold,  
Because my inward vision only sees  
A simple ark of woven bulrushes  
'Midst the green river-flags. What pomp of old  
Hath that frail cradle's great sublimity,  
Where in the form of a weak infant lies  
The whole vast freight of human destinies,  
The eye of the blind world—past history  
And future law, all that in union binds  
At once a nation's welfare and mankind's ?



## XCVII.

' FIRE AND HAIL, SNOW AND VAPOURS—STORMY WIND FULFILLING HIS WORD.'

*Psalm cxlviii. 8.*

THERE are who deem the earthquake and the storm  
Fulfilments of that dread mysterious curse,  
Which God inflicted on the universe  
When man from angel droop'd into a worm :  
But, come with me, and view sweet Nature's form  
After the tempest, which was loud and fierce  
The livelong night. Now, all things do rehearse  
The praises of that strife which was the germ  
Of future peace. Bright is the boundless air,  
Earth joyous with her dewy coronal :  
And hark ! a festive voice is everywhere  
Murmuring in Faith's glad ear, " God blesses all,  
Even His judgments. Cheer thee, drooping soul ;  
Doubt not all sorrow hath a happy goal."

## XCVIII.

“UNTIL CHRIST BE FORMED IN YOU.”

*Galatians, iv. 19.*

MY inner happiness, my inner love,  
How sad am I when I depart from Thee!  
From Thee, my centre, if I moved be  
Ever so little, I from joy remove.  
Ah why, then, silly heart, so prone to rove  
Out of thy calm contented purity?  
Art thou enamour'd so of vagrancy,  
That thou must wish in woe a change to prove?  
Alas, my God, a greater fault I fear!  
Frail is my soul, because it is not Thou;  
Not all to Thee my will doth always bow,  
Striving ascension in its own bad sphere;  
Yet sometimes doth it pierce the mystery  
To be itself, and yet exist in Thee.

## XCIX.

“IF YE FULFIL THE ROYAL LAW ACCORDING TO THE SCRIPTURE, THOU SHALT  
LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF, YE DO WELL.”

*Epistle of St. James, ii. 8.*

OH that the Royal Law were Law indeed!  
 “Do unto others as ye would that they  
 Should do to you!” If this bore sovereign sway,  
 If this we over council-halls could read  
 As motto—then we should not, as a weed,  
 Snatch the dear gift of human life away  
 Even from the guiltiest partners of our clay  
 For whom the Saviour—as for us—did bleed;—  
 Nor send a human soul—improvable  
 By love and hope—with all its dread amount  
 Of thought, where anguish and distrust rebel,  
 To other worlds!—So long as Judah’s fount  
 Is Law’s great well-spring (Gospel-precept braved)  
 Christ is not ruler of the world He saved!

## C.

"YE OBSERVE DAYS AND MONTHS, AND TIMES AND YEARS; I AM AFRAID OF YOU."  
*Galatians, iv. 10, 11.*

DEEP danger is there to the Christian scheme  
While we thus live beneath Judaic Law!  
While we the Sabbath band so strictly draw,  
Nor man and man judge by one Law Supreme,  
The common mind thinks Christ a very dream,  
And loses for all Faith the needful awe!  
Acting below herself, a form of straw  
Religion is. Then let her be, not seem!  
Nor fear we timorous that by love we lose.  
Somewhat the world hath seen the bettering  
Remitted penalties do ever bring,  
And how self-government and power to choose  
Can turn away Man's nature from abuse  
Of its own gifts. The human Mind will be  
Best shamed from doing ill by being free!

## CI.

“EXCEPT YE EAT THE FLESH OF THE SON OF MAN, AND DRINK HIS BLOOD,  
YE HAVE NO LIFE IN YOU.”

*St. John, vi. 53.*

UNTO Christ's Body, in the eye of Faith,  
Transmuted is the glorious Universe !  
His blood hath flow'd o'er all Creation's curse,  
Flooding the very realms of Woe and Death !  
Love drinks His spirit in the morning's breath ;  
Love sees the beauty of His eye-beam pierce  
Through cruel storms and lightning raging fierce.  
Love sees Him pass wherever sorrow hath—  
'Tis a perpetual Sacrament of Love ;  
A transubstantiation permanent,  
High above types, provisionally lent ;  
Yet gladly we unto God's altar move,  
Memorial love—obedience—social union—  
There shadowing forth by visible communion.

## CII.

"IT PLEASSED THE FATHER THAT IN HIM SHOULD ALL FULNESS DWELL."  
*Colossians, i. 19.*

I LOVE Thee, Saviour, for my soul craves joy !  
I want Thee, without hope I cannot live !  
I look for Thee ; my nature pants to give  
Its every power a rapture and employ ;  
And there are things which I would fain destroy  
Within my bosom, things that make me grieve ;  
Sin, and her child, Distrust, that often weave  
About my spirit darkness and annoy :  
And none but Thou canst these dissolve in light ;  
And so I long for Thee, as those who stay  
In the deep waters long for dawning day !  
Nor would I only have my being bright,  
But peaceful too : so ask I if I might  
My head on Thy dear bosom lean alway.

## CIII.

"FEAR GOD—HONOUR THE KING."

1 *Peter*, ii. 17.

LEGITIMACY! Name which now we spurn,  
Whose mention to men's lips but laughter brings,  
Thou very mockery cast on crownless kings,  
Still, thy dethroned supremacy I mourn ;  
For, 'mid the tempests of our brief sojourn,  
Something thou wert beyond vain reasonings,  
To set a seal of steadiness on things :  
Depart from principles, and whither turn ?  
The loveliest Virtue is Fidelity !  
And she was thine : and what if she be blind ?  
Still hath she eyes for weeping, and can find  
Her fond way after sorrow lovingly ;  
And, if she cease our spirits to befriend,  
Where findeth mutability an end ?

## CIV.

"WEEP NOT."

*St. Luke, xxiii. 28.*

WEEP not! Oh, earth is nothing worth a tear.  
Weep not! Thy sorrow far too precious is  
To be pour'd out on worldly vanities!  
If Disappointment frown on thee severe,  
Weep not! Be sure a heavenly good is near,  
And thy wish gain'd had teem'd with miseries.  
Hast thou been martyr'd by the agonies  
Of a heart broken o'er a loved one's bier?  
Weep not! Oh, less than ever weep thou then,  
Deeming thy treasure gone beyond earth's woe.  
Weep not! for God doth love thee!—Only when  
Him thou hast grieved, allow thy grief to flow;  
Like some fond cruse of tears a tomb within,  
Bury thy shrined sorrow with thy sin.



## CV.

“HE TAUGHT THEM AS ONE HAVING AUTHORITY.”

*St. Matthew, vii. 29.*

THE written Word is needful! What were man  
 Without Authority? Little, I wist,  
 More than a coil of sand that billows twist,  
 Leaving brief chronicle where last they ran.  
 Authority is of Life's darkling span  
 The need. . . By more than eloquence enticed,  
 Plato had hung upon the words of Christ;  
 Plato, who laid himself beneath the ban  
 Of human ignorance, nor taught as one  
 Having authority. Even Mahomet  
 Nations with Holy Books o'er others set  
 Who had from heaven no written record won.\*  
 And this was wisdom: for, to man the worm,  
 Truth's essence breathes away without Truth's form.

\* See Layard's *Nineveh*.

## CVI.

“AS GODS, KNOWING GOOD AND EVIL.”

*Genesis, iii. 5.*

EVIL! thou art a necessary good—  
Fountain of Individualities,  
Great tenure, thou, of all existences  
That are not God. . . If rightly understood  
Thou art the lesson-book, and holy rood  
Whereby, ascending up sublime degrees,  
We know, and reconcile, and difference seize,  
And change our earthly for a heavenly mood.  
Ah, who can grieve that man has pluck'd the fruit  
Of knowledge? . . . Scarcely name we Innocence  
The Virtue that is not Experience.  
No! We our souls divinely must transmute  
Out of the God-led instincts of the brute,  
Into the loftier ways of Providence!

## CVII.

"ALL THESE WORKETH THAT ONE AND THE SAME SPIRIT."

1 *Corinthians*, xii. 11.

THOU, whom the world deems but contemplative,  
Fear not. Thy influence stirs the world of thought,  
Beyond its knowledge. . . Silent and unsought  
Mysterious motions through all nature live ;  
And even the common spirit back must give  
Deep motions from the spiritual centre caught.  
Then how must thou, framed, and with impulse fraught,  
More to originate than to derive :  
Thou, who in quiet feel'st the sovereign sway  
Of the one great originator, God,  
And keep'st thy pulses ready to obey  
The lightest breath that creeps and thrills abroad,  
How must thou stir and heave the mighty sea  
Of intellect and great humanity!

## CVIII.

“BUT, LO, THOU REQUIREST TRUTH IN THE INWARD PARTS, AND SHALT  
MAKE ME TO UNDERSTAND WISDOM SECRETLY.”

*Psalm li. 6.*

OPEN to Thee is all my being, God :  
I would not man should what Thou seest behold,  
Because his judgments are both rash and cold,  
Because he spurns the path he never trod.  
He sees the bad, and with the ready rod  
Hangs o'er it. But the feelings manifold  
Which, like that shell the Argonaut, are bold  
In fragile beauty, and will come abroad  
'Midst rocks and tempests—these Man cannot view !  
For Thine eye only, purest God, are they ;  
Nor do I shrink that Thou dost me survey  
In every part. So is Thy judgment true :  
And, when I feel my vileness, as I do  
Most thrillingly, I turn to Christ straightway.

## CIX.

THE seraphs veil their faces with their wings  
Before Thy throne, O God! Then how should I,  
Who tremble in a frail mortality,  
Reach Thee in reverential visitings?  
Forgive me, if my soul too boldly flings  
Conjecture forth to bridge and bring me nigh  
To Thee. I only do in truth reply  
To my own doubts, my heart's sad murmurings.  
I do but put away all thoughts that bar  
My love of Thee, and clear Thy lovely name  
From things that with Thy high perfection jar,  
By the soul's noblest instincts mark'd with blame;  
Yet in my ignorance I veil my face  
Before the throne of Thy adorèd grace.

First main paragraph of text, containing several lines of faintly visible words.

Second main paragraph of text, continuing the faintly visible content.

Third main paragraph of text, with some lines appearing slightly more distinct than others.

Fourth main paragraph of text, showing some structural elements like a possible list or sub-section.

THE TWO MANSIONS.





## THE TWO MANSIONS.

---

HERE, Arthur, let us rest ! This mountain-stream,  
This glen, enliven'd by one graceful tree,  
This rocky stone, moss-cushion'd, please me well ;—  
Not for their beauty, but because unlike  
To spots, which Wisdom bids me not recal,  
Lest idle sorrow, shunn'd with greater ease  
Than vanquish'd, play the tyrant with my soul,  
And make me negligent of present joy.  
For I have lost two homes—both beautiful—  
Both loved—one how supremely !—and I fear  
To trifle with familiar images ;  
Yet will this holy abstinence of eye  
Not always starve rebellious passion down.  
Of late, methought, I triumph'd o'er the past :  
A new home smiled for me, and round my hearth  
Were gather'd things to make existence dear ;  
And then, when all was done, and happiness

Should have come smiling like a long-sought bride,  
A vision rose betwixt me and my joy—  
Th' eternal sunshine on my native hills,  
And, through all sounds of gladness, murmur'd still  
The hushing cadence of my native streams.

Even now my senses have betray'd their trust :  
These barren forms are gone, and I behold  
The mansions of my youth and middle age.  
Since, then, unbidden they appear before me,  
I'll pluck a medicine from the bane itself ;  
Call the mind outward, give the vision words,  
And, yielding to thy oft-express'd desire,  
Paint thee the vivid models of my brain.

First, let us view the mansion of my birth !  
It was a fair, and noble dwelling-place,  
Of ancient origin—yet not impress'd  
With hoar antiquity, save where, apart  
From rooms more gorgeous, one old chamber frown'd,  
Dim-lighted, and with fading arras hung.  
Its stately presence had grown up with time,  
And lavish gifts of each inheritor,  
Till its last lord beneath Italian skies

Matured his glowing fancy to achieve  
The perfect work, and knit each jarring part  
In exquisite and regal symmetry.

Round it was pour'd the beauty of a dream,  
A loveliness too precious for the food  
Of every-day existence—rocks, lawns, streams,  
Woods of all foliage and Columbian growth ;  
All evergreens to keep perpetual spring,  
All trees deciduous to make spring more fair,  
And autumn wealthier :—and these charms were clasp'd  
In the small compass of one winding vale,  
With but one narrow outlet.

As you came  
Descending down the long, long avenue,  
You seem'd to leave not only the gay throng.  
But human kind ; and, as you issued forth  
Into the grassy cirque that made free space  
Round the white mansion,—as you stood and gazed,  
Nature said—Hush ! with all her falling streams,  
And winds symphonious, that, with billowy sound,  
Ran round the tops of the protecting trees,  
And died.

There might you rove a summer's day,

Yet see no trace of man, or mortal toil ;  
For fairy hands, it seem'd, alone could deck  
With such perpetual bloom and ravishment  
A spot so folded from the breathing world.  
There might you rove unseeing, and unseen :  
The very landscape, in its space complete,  
Was all your own. No way-side traveller  
Ever beheld that mansion ;—crowds might pass  
Within a mile, and know not of its site.  
You think the spot too lonely and too sad ?  
No ! It was peopled, and it fill'd the heart !  
For there were birds, a joyous company,  
Whose voices pierced the thundering waterfall.  
There flash'd the Halcyon o'er the darkling stream,  
Sudden and beauteous as a thought from Heaven.  
There oft the wild-duck, hovering for awhile,  
Flew down to meet her shadow on the lake,  
And marr'd it in the meeting. O'er the groves  
The trooping pigeons wheel'd and veer'd and glanced ;  
Now, in full columns, sailing towards the eye,  
Now, with a sudden turn, lessen'd to specks ;  
Anon, diverging in long line, and then  
Dropping at once upon the clanging boughs  
With voice-like music of their winnowing wings.

And there were caves of legendary note ;  
Echoes, that mock'd you from the distant hill,  
As though yourself had flown there on the breeze ;  
Grottos, that held the wave from the sun's kiss,  
To tempt the bather in the sultry noon ;  
And where, beneath the plane-tree's vaulted shade,  
Slept the deep waters in their crystal green,  
The slumbering pike defied the angler's snare.

But how express, in words of mortal mould,  
The full enchantment that prevail'd around ?  
Oh, more than fair ! I will not do thee wrong  
By common types from Vallombrosa drawn,  
Hesperian gardens, or Armida's bowers,  
For thou art hidden in my fondest heart,  
In truth's most sacred, warm reality ;  
And I have wander'd far, yet never found  
More than a scatter'd gleaning of thy charms,  
Gleams of thy glory, billows of thy sea !

Oh, beautiful in sun, in shade, in shower,  
By moonlight's magic, or by daylight's truth,  
When Morning gladden'd all thy glades with dew,  
Or Evening trembled on thy silver lake,

Or Night brought down her canopy of stars  
Upon the edges of thy dusky groves !  
Oh, beautiful through all the changing year—  
In spring—in lavish spring—when violets rich  
Made every bank a fragrant resting-place !  
What time the chestnut-trees magnificent  
Kindled their gorgeous pyramids of bloom  
Like cluster'd lights on some high festival !  
Oh, fresh in beauty through the summer day,  
Cool in thy multitude of streams and woods,  
When the full trees, that crown'd the rocky height,  
Bathed their green branches in the blue of heaven,  
And the tall cedar slumber'd on the lawn  
Beneath the calm intensity of noon !  
In autumn beautiful, when golden woods,  
Far-closing down the steep-encircled vale,  
Shed mimic sunshine on the darkest day !  
Most beautiful, when tree and lawn and lake,  
Seem'd purely sculptured from the dazzling snow,  
And spangled network, from the loom of Frost,  
In lonely hollows, and entangled glens,  
Vied with, and near surpass'd, the work of Spring !

How I did love thee ! In what season most

I know not;—for it was not thy attire,  
But 'twas thyself I loved!—That mystic tie,  
Which knits the peasant to his native field,  
Bare though it be; which grasps the exile's heart,  
When music, heard in childhood, meets his ear;  
That strong home-passion, which, in zones remote,  
Becomes the sailor's frenzy, cheats his eye  
With emerald meadows in the glassy sea,  
And bids him plunge to seek them, fathoms deep;  
This tie—this instinct—far beyond thy charms—  
Though raised by them to more ideal love—  
Bound up my being with thy mother-soil;

How can it be that we are parted thus?  
Oh, my own home! Strangers are round thy hearth,  
Strange steps are in thy wood-walks, and strange hands  
Gather thy fragrant flowers! Oh, fate severe!  
Birds to their native stream or copse can fly,  
Beasts graze in freedom on their native plain,  
The peasant labours in his native field,  
But I must dwell and die apart from thee!

Yet can it be?—or is it all a dream?  
'Tis out of nature! Who can know thy haunts

As I have known them—who with tears, like me,  
Pay thee the duteous homage of a child?

How oft, of yore, the thought that we might part  
Just swept the surface of my happy soul,  
Only to tremble into deeper joy,—  
In very luxury of bliss recall'd,  
And rich caprice of o'erabundant youth,  
That dares to dally with the form of pain,  
And heightens love by visionary fear!

Then thus my tide of passion gush'd in words :—  
“ Oh, noon-day caverns—deep and dewy glades—  
That keep the secret of my wayward thoughts !  
Turf which I kiss—blest flowers whose soul I drink,  
All things around me—dear, as if ye lived !  
How could I take an everlasting leave  
Of your delights ? how breathe in grosser air,  
Or look upon a paler heaven than yours ?  
The hour, that severs us, must break my heart.”

Yet, Arthur, I have left that dear abode,  
And still I live ! More patient is the heart,  
And needs more killing than in youth we deem.



Therefore, take courage thou, should hopeless love  
Or woe unmeasured speedy death presage!

I live ;—yet scarr'd with many a wound within,  
Records of pain, inflicted by a hand  
That errs not in its chastisements of love.  
The stroke that rent me from my early home  
Laid bare my heart to human charities,  
And pierced the film, which from my sight, too long,  
Hid the true substance of this rugged world.  
For, in that blissful nook, nor grief nor pain,  
The natural teachers of our mortal state,  
Nor humble things, that link us to our kind,  
Unsphered the spirit from her ecstasy.  
No sounds of labour said, Thou art a man ;  
No church bell, Thou art for eternity ;  
No knell, Prepare for death. 'Twas all around  
So much like Eden, the delighted soul  
Forgot the forfeit of that blissful seat !  
The very changes of the sky and air—  
Almost of seasons—in those happy shades,  
Were but as hearsay. What was summer-heat  
To him who wander'd through those green arcades,  
Where coolness sported on the lucent wave ?

Or what the winter-cold to him who roam'd  
The fine old garden, held up to the sun,  
With all its terraces ; where grapy wreaths  
Flush'd keen December's brow ; where vernal birds  
Mistook the time, and warbled low and sweet  
'Midst lingering leaves and flowers ? Oh, never here  
That blight from Erebus, which men call fog,  
Loaded the soul with poisonous melancholy.  
All grosser vapours fled upon the breath  
Of thy pure streams ; and if, at morn or eve,  
A gentle mist upon thy groves and hills  
Shed purple bloom, 'twas but as beauty's veil,  
Enriching what it shrouded !

Yet perchance

This absence of all sad and noxious things  
Is but the trick of early memory—  
The light of boyhood—not of this world's sun !

So, even in wisdom would my soul believe  
And feel, that, had those shades remain'd my home,  
Grief even there had found me ; found me, too,  
Unfenced with armour 'gainst her rude assault.  
Then had that vision of exceeding joy  
Lost half its heaven, and from myself received

Tints of strange sadness and discordant pain,  
So that, with memory and itself at strife,  
It had perplex'd my soul, and grieved my love.

Ah no, fair spot, the light of youth and thou  
Were for each other made, and later years  
Had ill assorted with thy fairy hues.  
Thy woods were suited to no harsher sighs  
Than childhood breathe—thy meditative walks  
Were all too calm for passion's hurried steps—  
Thy waters too unruffled to reflect  
Faces despoil'd of childhood's careless smile!  
Therefore 'tis well that we were sunder'd soon,  
Before my heart began to stir to pain,  
While yet we were companions true and meet  
As Youth and Innocence, that part like streams  
To end in knowledge, and repentant care.  
Nor am I thankless to the Power supreme,  
Who moulds the spirit by external things,  
That mine was fashion'd in thy silent shades,  
And not thence banish'd, till it had received,  
Unknowingly, a precious boon from thee—  
A heart that beats to Nature, and a soul,  
That, having once been touch'd with poesy

Costly as thine, can find it scatter'd still  
Through all the corners of the common earth.

Thus did'st thou give me all thy safer wealth,  
And more, perchance, had been the blight of all !  
Now, nothing mortal thy remembrance mars  
With sad association. Thou to me  
Art as a long-lost friend, in boyhood dear,  
So good—so fair as those who early die,  
From his young comrades snatch'd away so soon ;  
His gentle image is unspoil'd by strife,  
And his young face, pure as an Angel's, gleams  
Tenderly through the gathering mist of years.  
Even thus to me thou canst not alter now  
More than the dead !—Thy very form may change  
(And yet that thought will torture me in dreams),  
But, far beyond all accident or time,  
For me thy golden treasures are seal'd up  
In ever-during beauty and bright joy !  
What, though thy fair domain be mine no more  
In actual presence, I possess thee still,  
By the more true inheritance of thought,  
As even myself in less reflective years  
Possess'd thee not—as none beside possess,

Although thy seeming lords. Where shall be found  
The subtle chemistry to steal thee out  
From all my being?—Where the word of charm  
To render thee, who mad'st me all I am,  
An airy syllable in Fancy's ear?  
No! I have lost thee but to gain thee more!  
Thou shalt go with me, while one thought endures,  
Even to the grave:—a gracious influence,  
No more to soften the too-yielding boy,  
But soothe and temper the fast-hardening man;  
To purify, and win from baser things,  
By the strong memory of a virgin love!

Forgive me, Arthur, if on this dear theme  
Too long I dwell. Who does not linger o'er  
Thoughts that revisit their primeval fount,  
And years the nearest to the blue of heaven?  
But wake we now!—Behold stern Manhood's type—  
The Second Mansion!

An old pile it was,  
Rich in the hues of gather'd centuries,  
Mocking the backward and the forward time  
With timbers iron-hard and storm-proof walls.  
From pointed roof and pendant oriel,

Swept its vast lines, irregular, yet knit  
In noblest harmony. So proudly dight,  
Yet firm in massive strength, it imaged well  
The era of its birth, when England join'd  
Bold thought and manners uneffeminate  
With the mind's wealth and lavish poesy ;  
When the true home replaced the feudal hold,  
And, in its absence of defence, proclaim'd  
Security more deep, and dearer far  
Than tower or keep could yield.

Alone and free,

And open to the natural face of heaven,  
On a green knoll the breezy fabric stood,  
Possessing, for its lordly heritage,  
A large horizon, and an ample round  
Fill'd with all human, yet not worldly things.  
Farms, ancient as itself—so lichen-clad,  
They seem'd the work of nature—not of man—  
Sent up their gray smoke curling from the woods,  
Which clasp'd on every side the circling meads,  
Far as the heath-topp'd hills.

And fair were they—

Those hills—and beautiful with many a change,  
And trickful unresemblance to themselves,

Like love that feigneth to be love no more,  
Yet still is love. The sunbeam and the cloud  
For them had magic. Darkly now they rose  
In frowning height, and mountain majesty,—  
Now sunk to smiling slopes. Now, miles away,  
They melted to aerial outlines blue ;  
And, now, the eye could count upon their sides  
The dappling shadows, and the hedgerows small.  
A time-worn tower hung on the loftiest ridge,  
Oft islanded amidst the azure heaven,  
When, like a sea, the vapours of the morn  
Drown'd every meaner summit.

Thus, both worlds

Of man and nature in that landscape met.  
'Twas God's own country, for the use of man  
Created, and by man's abuse unstain'd :  
Dower'd, in its plainness, with a wealth beyond  
The pomp and luxury of Indian realms—  
Pastures, and fields of corn, and vigorous woods—  
Forests of oak, such as erewhile supplied  
Our floating bulwarks, when the Spaniard's force  
Was dash'd from them like foam—a peasantry  
Of iron sinew, and primeval heart,  
Free children of the soil from age to age.

How kindred and inseparable seem'd  
That antique region, and that old abode,—  
Each giving each its passion and its charm  
With constant interchange! Blot out the one  
And straightway you destroy the landscape's soul :  
Transform the other, and the noble pile  
Stands perish'd from its stern propriety.  
But, as it was, a pure congenial strain  
Of feeling ran, like music, through the land.

'Twas thus all lovely—yet familiar things  
Made an existence beautiful, yet true,  
About that land's serene inhabitants.  
Far was the shepherd's Arcady, with all  
Its fancied pains—far too all cravings false,  
The town's infected present, when she sends  
Her fickle children, for a change of spleen,  
To country shades. Man with his real wants  
Was here. The rural shows of household life  
Pass'd visibly before the eyes and heart.  
The flocks their fold—the herds their pasture changed ;  
The cows, full-udder'd, form'd their loitering line  
At morn and eve, along the well-worn path,  
That peer'd by snatches through the belted trees ;



The colt frisk'd round its quiet dam ; the sheep  
Went to the washing, where the deep'ning brook  
Above the curb-stone slept ; the team, at plough,  
With bending heads, obedient to the whip,  
Moved to and fro along the upland field.

Nor less the sounds of life—sweet country life,  
Recall'd the heart to sympathy with man :  
At morn, the tinkle of the mower's scythe,  
Heard betwixt sleep and 'wake, a summer sound:  
The clown's wild whistle from the distant field,  
Or waggon rustling in the bowery lane :  
The evening murmur, made of many tones  
Indefinite ; hush'd voices from afar ;  
An echoed laugh ; the clapping of a gate ;  
A stream now loud, now low ; all suiting well  
The dusk composure of the yellow sky.  
Nor mute, nor unrevered, the Sabbath came  
With sweet admonishment of holy bells  
From the white spire, just gleaming o'er the woods—  
A simple chime, yet varied by the breeze.

Seasons there were of more intense repose,  
Whose breathing was the hum of summer woods,

What time the cricket's chirp, from meads remote,  
Made silence audible, and seem'd to dwell  
More in the ear itself than in the stir  
Of outward nature. How serenely there  
Spread winter's snowy calm! How softly fell  
The misty stillness of an autumn day,  
When the faint cock-crow, from the scatter'd farms,  
Came with a distant and a dreamy sound.  
Even now, if that peculiar note I hear,  
I sink unconscious through the twilight past,  
And weave a chain of old familiar thought.

The sportsman's gun—the riot of the chase—  
Vex'd not that land of tillage. Bird and beast,  
Those living links 'twixt nature and the heart,  
Told, in their fearlessness, how long and deep  
The blessings of their glad immunity.  
The hare, at play in morning-freshen'd meads,  
Stopp'd not its gambols for the sheep-dog's bark:  
The glorious pheasant knew the copse his own:  
The fern-owl, as he skimm'd the dewy lawn  
For evening insects, almost with his wing  
Hath touch'd the 'lated reaper. Duly, still,  
The rooks, on their hereditary elms,

Clamour'd hoarse welcomes to the opening year—  
Harsh notes—yet full of spring and rural joy.  
Round the old mansion all house-loving birds  
Hung their glad nests. And, where the reedy lake,  
Whose silver glisten'd on the forest's edge,  
Won to its breast the timid water-fowl,  
The tempest-ruffled sea-bird, inland driven,  
Hath linger'd—tempted by new haunts of peace.

With gentle lapse the universal calm  
Flow'd round, and sunk into the heart of man.  
Though not from crowded ways I thither came,  
Methought 'twas long since I had bathed my soul  
In such a deep, full-thoughted solitude ;  
Though stricken, then, with no peculiar grief,—  
Not more of sorrow than time brings to all—  
I felt it was a spirit-healing land.

Thus was my second home, in sooth, to me  
No churlish step-mother ;—and if, at times,  
It seem'd she would by humble means create  
A heart content with Nature's common fare,  
At others, she would open wide her hand,  
And pour enchantments of diviner growth.

Ne'er heard I such a quire of nightingales,  
As hail'd the rising of the vernal moon !  
Not one poor pensive solitary bird,  
With interrupted strain, but thousands sang—  
Yea, tens of thousands—an unceasing song !  
All notes were heard at once—of every tone—  
At every distance—from the nearest oak  
To th' horizon's verge—'till heaven's whole cope  
Was but the dome to one resounding strain.  
All notes were heard at once :—the quick sharp beat—  
The double thrill—the liquid gurgling shake ;  
And that one lowest, richest note of all  
Its under-murmur of delicious sound  
Perpetual kept, to harmonise the whole.

While thus the ear was pleased, in that sweet time  
Of Nature's ecstasy, the eye no less  
Found its peculiar banquet—countless flowers,  
Flowers such as suit an ancient country well.  
The hardy snow-drop heralded their tribes  
On river-banks, in orchards old and grey,  
Or meadow-nooks, once gardens. Then would peep  
The hedge-row primrose from her robes of green,  
Timid, till softer airs and richer sun

Awoke her glad companions of the spring.  
Then burst the daffodil by woodland streams  
Thick as the warbling nightingales o'erhead.  
In every copse the blue-bell fondly bent  
To look upon the pale anemone :  
On every bank the azure speedwell smiled,  
That turns its bright eye ever to the sun :  
The wild narcissus, cowslip, cuckoo-flower,  
And lady-smock, gay-painted every mead,  
'Till not a hue the butterflies could boast  
But what 'twas mock'd below.

Thus, sober joy,

Rare-kindling into bliss at golden hours,  
Won, by degrees, the wiser heart away  
From Fancy's cloud-land to the region clear  
Where Love, in guise of Duty, walks supreme.  
The farm, the cottage, and the labour'd field  
Express'd relation betwixt man and man.  
All home endearments, household sympathies,  
Order, degree, dependance mutual,  
Were imaged there, as in a smaller world.  
There, too, employment could from Time's great debt  
Strike off the long arrears, and grain by grain  
Build up her structure for Eternity.

Something, I see, your asking eye demands  
To feed with nutriment more costly still  
Imagination—man's divinest dower—  
The Realiser, arching Death and Time.  
Such was not wanting ;—even that mansion's self—  
Proud centre, where all scatter'd feelings met,  
The manifest lord of all it look'd upon,  
Frowning away all mean and modern things  
From out its large pervading atmosphere.—  
How like a land-mark of the past it stood,  
A giant fragment of a nobler world,  
Dim-garmented with passion and deep thought  
Even in the lustre of the cheerful day !  
Then how profoundly through the silent night  
Holding communion with departed years,  
Darkling, or made more solemn by the moon  
With blackest shadows on the silver'd grass !  
Who but must dream, when evening suns lit up  
Its casement-panes, like sheets of sullen fire,  
How oft the levell'd ray had kindled thus  
That beacon, glowing on the country round,  
As if to guide, admonish, or protect ?  
Who could behold those grey and solemn walls,  
Nor think how many mortal hopes and fears

Had sprung and perish'd there—what ecstasies  
Of heart—what silent tragedies of soul—  
Beyond the fancy or the poet's skill—  
What holy comfort springing out of tears—  
What fierce temptations, struggles, crimes perchance,  
Made glorious by immortal penitence?  
Who but must there, from the low present wean'd—  
Alike our portion and the dower of brutes—  
Converse with memory; whose voice within  
With mystic echoes fill'd th' ancestral hall,  
Or swept the lofty chambers, whispering oft  
Historic names,—each in itself a spell  
To bid men dream, and pause with head declined  
To drink the deep religion of the place,  
Thence bearing back into the fever'd world  
Fresh waters in the well of purer thought?

Arthur! The task which I had set my soul  
Is done. Not vainly have I striven thus  
With the substantial records of my brain;  
They melt into the perspective of time.  
I look upon these mountains, and am soothed!  
No more I murmur that with painful steps  
I've left my sunny birth-place for the land

Of clouds and torrents, where each rocky cleft  
Is channel to a silver waterfall ;  
Glad that my lot hath fallen within the lines  
Of such a fair and bounteous heritage.  
Crag faintly gleaming from soft-shadow'd gloom,  
With trees sun-tinted underneath the mist,  
The solemn distance, and the changeful lake,  
Or green light cradled in a dusky vale—  
These sights are fancy's food. I look on them,  
And my soul resteth. I will thank Thee, then,  
Author of Good, for all the seeming ills,  
Which were but portals to more certain joy.  
Seen from the heights of a contented mind  
All things are clear. What if to this low dell  
The sun be set? Come, let us climb the steep,  
And we shall yet behold him high in heaven !



THE BREEZE.



## THE BREEZE.



WHENCE comest thou, balmy Breeze, and where  
Hast thou stolen all sweets of the earth and air?

---

I was born on a mountain far away—  
A giant mountain of Africa:  
Where, girdled about with unmelting snows,  
An island of freshest verdure rose,  
Embroider'd with flowers, as azure-bright  
As the deep, deep hue of a starry night—  
Flowers, that the butterfly hover'd o'er,  
Soaring where bird never dared to soar!  
I play'd with the blossoms—I bath'd in the dew—  
I shook my wings, and away I flew,  
And, in the warmth of the plain below,  
Temper'd the cold of my native snow.  
The desert rejoiced in my caress;—  
But I hurried across the wilderness,

For I heard a voice, that whisper'd to me—  
'Come; and inherit the cool fresh Sea!'  
Then all my spirit was gladden'd anew  
By the Mediterranean's boundless blue!  
I made the waves my heaving pillow,  
And chased the diamond drops from the billow.  
But a dearer bliss was yet before,  
So I murmur'd and crept to the sunny shore,  
To flit with the bee through the orange grove;—  
And I enter'd a land of beauty and love.

Oh Italy—sweet Italy—

For ever could I have dwelt with thee!  
To its inmost depths my being's power  
Was enrich'd by thee with an endless dower  
Of fragrance, and music, and gushing light;  
Of rapture by day, and freshness by night!  
I kiss'd the cheek of the coyest maids,  
From their brow I lifted the dusky braids,  
When, after the dance, they panted and sank,  
Opening their vest on some flowery bank;  
And, though I was woo'd to the fair one's breast,  
And alike in bower and hall carest,  
The lover was not jealous of me,  
For I wafted his sighs and his melody.

But the vernal freshness began to fail,  
 So I hied away to a mountain vale,  
 And there, in a grot, the long summer through,  
 Such rest as a breeze can know—I knew ;  
 Hovering and trembling in blissful dream  
 O'er the gentle lapse of a loving stream.

---

But, tell me, Breeze, why is it that thou  
 Not only coolest my aching brow,  
 But comest like dew to my fever'd brain,  
 And bearest away my bosom's pain.  
 Why art thou like a feeling of youth?—  
 Why dost thou whisper of love and truth?—  
 Why do I seem, as thou play'st with my hair,  
 To forget a whole life of sorrow and care—  
 To exult, like a guilty thing forgiven,  
 And, as a child, look up to Heaven?

---

I'll tell thee!—while I in the grot was tranced,  
 A fearful curse o'er the earth advanced.  
 There had been sin, and God look'd down  
 On the crimes of men with a scathing frown!  
 In that dark shadow pale Pestilence walk'd,  
 And the Spectre Death behind him stalk'd—

So near—you the interval scarce could note ;  
As the first breath'd, the second smote !  
And, as they past on—that awful Pair !—  
There was a wailing in the air.  
The child fell dead from its mother's breast,  
And the mother lay down to her long, long rest :  
The poor from their care and labour ceased—  
The rich was hurl'd from his sumptuous feast.  
Vain were the miser's bolts and bars,  
Or the warrior's front all stern with scars,  
Or the maiden's face, as fair as day,  
To frown or to smile the Pest away !  
All love seem'd wrung from the human heart—  
Men cursed each other, and died apart !  
Like madmen they fly—they roll on the ground,  
In nooks and corners, with gasping sound ;  
And 'twas horrid to see the cheek's clear hue  
Withering away to a ghastly blue !  
And none there were—nor time allow'd—  
To toll the bell, or prepare the shroud.  
But, in the pit, lay the corpses bare—  
The hoary locks by the young bright hair ;  
And the deadliest foes, whom hate could sever,  
Like brothers were blended there for ever !

Then up to God rose a humble prayer  
From a man despised as the poorest are—  
Yea, self-despised and abased was he  
Before the dear Cross of Calvary!  
Never he deem'd that he good had wrought,  
Or had power to think one holy thought,  
And ever he mourn'd that he gladden'd none  
By his kindness and love, but must dwell alone.  
Yet some did bless him, and never forgot  
Fair deeds which himself remember'd not.

Lowly he knelt,—and could only say  
'My heart is weak—I am sinful clay!  
Father of mercy, thy will be done;  
Yet look on the face of thy blessed Son,  
And for His dear sake, who died for all,  
Arrest earth's dreadful funeral!'  
Then went he to smoothe the bed of death,  
Praying, as fled the sufferer's breath.  
That parting breath, with a grave-like chill,  
Through his own bosom did creep and thrill;  
And the lowly one felt that his hour was nigh,  
And he only return'd to his home—to die!  
Yet, to the last, on God did he call—

‘For his dear sake, who died for all,  
Arrest earth’s dreadful funeral!’

That humble soul, and that humble prayer  
Up to God’s throne did an Angel bear.  
Then, oh, what joy! when a whisper came  
Through the depths of the new-born spiritual frame :  
The Lord hath rejected the prayer that rose  
With music, and incense, and costly vows,  
From lighted altar, and gilded shrine,  
And purple stole—to listen to thine!  
And this hath arrested the wrathful day,  
Which, lasting, would melt all flesh away.

Then I—the poor breeze—yet humbler still  
Than that meek servant of God’s great Will—  
Was call’d to a blessed ministry—  
Mankind from the fearful Pest to free.

In that dread time, was no dew nor rain,—  
Heat brooded alone over forest and plain!  
Nature was fainting ;—the very streams  
Wither’d amidst the sultry gleams.  
Dead still was the air, and, always the same,



It glow'd intense as a furnace-flame ;  
Still was the ocean—still were the trees—  
Oh, for a breeze—a healthful breeze !

The heavens were darken'd ;—up-gathering slow  
The clouds stood in heaps o'er that world of woe.  
There was a pause—like a shuddering fear  
That some new horror to earth was near ;  
If aught of fear indeed could be left  
In bosoms so long of hope bereft,  
Or if a thought of worse could be  
To mortals in that extremity.  
But that seeming frown was a smile more mild  
Than father e'er beam'd on a suffering child.  
Who that then heard but must dream again  
That first faint rustle of welcome rain !  
More than when tempests are raging abroad  
In that still small sound was the voice of God !  
Plashing the big drops fell at first,  
Then thicker, faster, down down they burst ;  
Low thunder mutter'd, and far away  
Was the misty path of the lightning's play,  
Till the whole of the sleeping firmament  
By a mighty storm was shaken and rent ;

And the air was cool'd and purified,  
And I stole forth from the mountain's side.

Then—then it was my sweet task began,  
And a new delight through my spirit ran—  
A rapture deeper than once I knew  
From breathing blossoms, or morning dew !  
More fondly than through the marble hall  
Ever refresh'd by fountain's fall,  
I glided in through the cottage-door,—  
For God had decreed me to the poor—  
And hope and life came on my breath,  
Where late had been only despair and death !

How many a father I rais'd again  
From the dreary struggle of weakness and pain,  
As he look'd, with a sick and questioning heart  
On those who made it hard to depart,  
And thought that for them his arm was dead—  
That arm, wherein dwelt their daily bread !

How oft, when the mother sate on the ground,  
Tearless, with wild—wild hair unbound,  
Clasping her infant—so near to die—

She stirr'd not—prayed not—for agony,  
I gave her back, ere the spirit had past,  
Of all her children the dearest and last!

How oft, when the bridegroom, with frantic groan,  
Hung o'er his own affianced one,  
Daring to ask, in the madness of youth,  
'Where is God's goodness—where is His ruth?  
My God, what had I done to thee,  
That thou, in Thy wrath, hast created me?'  
I came like Remorse to his soul—soft-stealing  
O'er the maiden's breast with the balm of healing,  
And bore back a trembling prayer to Heaven  
That the blasphemy might be forgiven!  
How oft have I calm'd and for ever dispers'd  
The doubts of the righteous—of doubts the worst!  
How oft, when the sinner look'd in dread  
For the justice and doom he had merited,  
I surpris'd him with pardon from above,  
And melted his heart with mercy and love!

But that season of sorrow and joy past on,  
The Pest was assuaged, and my office done;  
And I mourn'd that now I should useless be,

When a solemn voice thus said to me ;—  
‘ God, from whose goodness all good deeds come,  
And return to Him, as their proper home,  
Throws not away, when its worth is spent,  
His glorious will ’s weak instrument.  
To all, who their own rash will discard,  
Is a season of service—an hour of reward.  
Created to gladden those who mourn  
With thee was a solemn blessing born ;—  
Thou hast not annull’d it, nor turn’d it to scorn !  
And therefore, wherever thy breath is felt,  
On the sons of men a blessing shall melt.  
An Angel ’s spirit is given to thee,  
And blent with thy being eternally !’

At that strange moment, a gentle shock  
Seem’d all my substance to thrill and unlock.  
I was dead !—I lived !—and from that hour  
I am full of gladness, and gentle power,  
And the Highest hath granted unto me  
A sweet and undying ministry !

It is mine, when the lonely shepherd-boy  
Is holy in his innocent joy,

And from his bible and thymy sod  
Lifts up his tender thoughts to God,  
To murmur—as Angels were haunting there—  
Songs that the lark never pour'd in the air

When the mist is on the heavy sea,  
And the fisherman doubts where his bark may be,  
I open a path to the beacon's light,  
And he knows he shall see his babes that night ;  
And he feels as if, through the vapours dim,  
The eye of a Father had look'd on him !

'Tis I who delight with my wing to fan  
The pale worn cheek of the artisan,  
When, for fresher air, at the close of day,  
Without the city his footsteps stray.  
For him I uncurtain the glowing west,  
And a brighter Heaven within his breast ;  
And I whisper how Christ has made secure  
The dear reward of the faithful poor,  
Till envy of the rich man's lot  
Is lost in pity, and all forgot.

Nor marvel if I to man rehearse

Things to which vision cannot pierce ;—  
No lifeless dust is the Universe.  
All nature is full of heavenly thought,  
And every leaf with a soul is fraught—  
A spirit that ever converseth with man,  
And ends with God, as with God it began :  
Yet its language none but the heart can hear  
That keepeth itself in love and fear.  
The breeze is my body,—but who can tell  
What thoughtful motion therein may dwell ?  
When my music stirs in the forest-leaves ;  
More sweetly I talk with the bosom that grieves :  
When the frame of the weary with joy I fill,  
I creep to the heart more balmily still,  
And to the fainting spirit I bring  
Refreshment unborn of the breathing Spring.

Happy he, o'er the ocean foam  
After long years returning home,  
To whom I waft, from the distant strand,  
The odours of land—his own dear land !

Happy he, round whom I shower  
All sounds that he loved in his childhood's hour,

When the village bells, and the warble of birds,  
Speak to his bosom like household words,  
Or recall a memory sweeter than they—  
His mother's voice when she taught him to pray.  
Happy he, from a sick bed risen,  
Freed from his chamber's dusky prison,  
Who first on a May-day walks abroad,  
And feels my breath as the breath of God!  
Happy the captive who quaffs in me  
His first dear draught of liberty!  
But happier than all, the weary breast  
Where Remorse hath been a troubled guest,  
O'er whose heaving depths and aching sense  
I steal, as the balm of penitence!





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## LINES

WRITTEN NEAR INNSBRUCK, JULY, 1847.



THE long, tempestuous day to close,  
Evening comes with sweet repose.  
From behind the mountain's rim  
Long-levelled rays are streaming dim,  
Upward—far into the mist—  
With tints of gold and amethyst.  
Resting on the rocky height,  
Earth-born clouds catch heavenly light,  
As if below those summits sent  
To form another firmament,  
And our misgiving hearts to show  
What beauty out of storms may grow.  
And now, while back the shadows sail,  
A rainbow spans the dusky vale.  
With joy I turn my glance above  
To hail the type of pardoning love,

As if for me were meant that sign  
Of covenant and grace divine ;  
As if that arch, impressed on showers,  
Were as a pledge of happier hours ;  
Of life, most calm in its decay,  
Of tranquil eve to stormy day :  
A promise, that as Thou, O God,  
After Thy wrath had been abroad,  
Wouldst not with Thy floods and rain  
Drown the guilty world again,  
So would thy billows spare to roll  
*Twice* across my wearied soul.

## SATURDAY EVENING.

GENTLY fall!

Evening best beloved of all!

Thou the week's long labour closing

Ere the day of God's reposing,

Bind the world in thy sweet thrall!

Gently fall!

Brightly come!

Lure the tired one from his home!

On the road gay groups are greeting,

Lover the beloved one meeting,

There is joy before the tomb!

Brightly come!

Bring sweet rest!

Dewlike bathe the weary breast!

Toil awaits us not to morrow,

But the prayer that chaseth sorrow :—  
Sabbath-eve is not so blest !  
Bring sweet rest !

Steal the breath  
Of the wretch who sighs for death !  
'Tis a lovely time for leaving  
This bad world, and all its 'grieving !  
Ere the night-wind whispereth,  
Steal the breath !

## ROMANS XIV.

"HAST THOU FAITH? HAVE IT TO THYSELF BEFORE GOD!"

---

If to my lips my soul's great joy,  
O gracious Lord, refuse to spring;  
If, like a secret, sweet and coy,  
It seeks my breast and folds its wing:

If before mortals trembling shrink  
My love to thee—deep, deep within;  
There silent floods of bliss to drink  
As if to breathe it were a sin:

'Tis that a tender mystery  
Suits best with feelings so profound,  
As fountains that are never dry  
Lie deepest still beneath the ground.

'Tis that those feelings droop and fade  
If I their gentle joy betray,  
Like fragrant flowers that seek the shade  
And lose their sweets if smote by day.



## PROEM

TO AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

WRITTEN AT AN EARLY AGE.

## I.

O THOU, whose love is dearer to my soul  
Than all the transports passion can create,  
(Misguiding fires, which rage without control)  
To thee this warning lay I dedicate ;  
That thou may'st learn and shun the bitter fate  
Of those, who once from Reason's train depart.  
Oh hear my warning voice ! and, ere too late,  
Guard each first impulse of thy youthful heart,  
So shall Remorse for thee ne'er point his deadly  
dart.

## II.

Not the warm coinage of my brain could love  
More fondly, more devotedly than thou.  
Ah, know I not thy tenderness, who prove  
Its fervor ev'n from infancy—till now?  
But, oh, beware of Passion's fiercer glow,  
For, in a soul like thine, from Love must rise,  
From Love alone, all future weal or woe.  
Once kindled there, altho' its brightness flies,  
Its embers must retain a fire that never dies.

## III.

My own, and only Sister! At that name,  
What countless thoughts within my bosom swell!  
What countless images arise, which claim  
Undying memory! As within the shell,  
Snatched from its parent waves, for ever dwell  
The mourning echoes of its native sea,  
So in my soul, which bids a long farewell  
To the dear scenes of joyous infancy,  
The voice of other days still speaks of them and thee.

## IV.

Imagination o'er our childish plays  
And early haunts, her quaint embroidery threw.  
Our life was poetry ; and Fancy's rays  
Glitter'd in Youth's delicious morning dew  
With fresher light, and more celestial hue :  
Joy was our banquet, Liberty our guest :  
The Sun, in all his circle, ne'er did view  
Than we and our compeers, a band more blest  
With all that Peace approves, and Innocence loves best.

## V.

Dost thou remember how each little Knight  
Rode forth the wrongs of mortals to redress,  
Each with his Amoret, his ladye bright,  
Whose wondrous worth to all he might profess,  
And vindicate her peerless loveliness ;  
Bidding the plough-boy to our prowess yield,  
And duteous homage to her charms express,  
While clownish wonder his mute stare revealed ?  
Then how we scoured the heath with mimic lance and  
shield ?

## VI.

Dost thou remember too what vague delight  
Around our childish secrets ever played,  
The whispered mystery, the magic rite,  
The cabalistic leaf on pillow laid,  
Which, duly plucked beneath the midnight shade,  
To slumber's eye would paint the nymph adored,  
(Ah well I ween, I plucked it half-afraid!)  
The twilight foray, and the slender hoard  
Of chesnuts, in the rock with wondrous caution stored?

## VII.

Around our home was food to nurse the heart,  
And bid the faculties of mind unclose;  
Our native valley might have soothed the smart  
That keepeth troubled Sorrow from repose.  
Sacred it seem'd to Nature's guiltless shows,  
Sacred to Nature's heav'n-taught melodies—  
Trees, brooks, and birds—and, if a murmur rose,  
'Twas but the stock-dove's plaint. The very skies  
Had colours, that elsewhere have never met my eyes.

## VIII.

Two tree-clad hills embraced that treasured vale  
Closely their intermingling arms between ;  
A third against the surly Eastern gale  
Transversely stretched its hospitable screen.  
More glorious woods, of every shaded green,  
Ne'er circled Solitude's majestic seat :  
The world beyond was as a thing unseen,  
Yet in itself it was a world so sweet,  
That few could wish to stray beyond its deep retreat.

## IX.

But if the wanton sight desire to rove,  
Ascend the slope, and reach its breezy brow ;  
While hill o'er hill, and grove succeeding grove,  
At every step, unfolding beauties show.  
Gaze, till, all dazzled with the boundless glow,  
Fatigued with wandering, and with space opprest,  
Thine eye, with pausing fondness, turn below,  
And the heart shrink to its accustomed nest ;  
Then, with fresh joy, retrace the greenwood path of rest.

## x.

Delightful spot! For thee dew-spangled Morn,  
Cloud-scattering Noon, and Eve on perfumed wing,  
And every season, in its grateful turn,  
New gifts, and livelier graces vied to bring.  
How fresh the tender hues of lawny Spring!  
How cool in Summer the Cathedral shade!  
What varied tints did wayward Autumn fling  
O'er hill, and vale, and yellow grassy glade!  
How Winter beautified the rock, and dumb cascade!

## xi.

When April wept from eyes of laughing blue,  
What joy it was to dress our elfin bower,  
And stock our tiny plots with treasures new!  
Ah, then in quest of many a vernal flower,  
With chesnut-fans to guard us from the shower,  
We roamed adventurous to the distant lane,  
Or climbed for rarer sweets the ruined tower;  
Yet much we feared to vex the fairy train,  
And perils wild and strange did frolic Fancy feign.

## XII.

Yet, yet our summer haunts before me smile !  
On a hill-side apart the beeches stand,  
And, like the chapter-house of gothic pile,  
Their solemn arches loftily expand.  
The sportive ivy twines its darker band  
Around the silvery trunks ; while deep below  
Young sprouting shoots o'er all the wavy land  
Of liveliest green a living carpet throw,  
Unsmote by fiery star, or noontide's fiercest glow.

## XIII.

Thence oft we wandered to the mossy seat,  
Where closed the vale in deeper solitude ;  
And waters fell to quench the restless heat :  
In straggling rays the day could scarce intrude  
Through the close awning of entangled wood,  
That overarched the little lake beneath ;  
Scarce might the wind, in its most boisterous mood,  
On the clear surface stir one lily wreath ;  
Yet through the boughs above you heard ev'n Zephyr  
breathe.

## XIV.

Dark twisted roots of fir, whose dusky screen  
Rose high beyond, o'ergrew the waters' source,  
And nodding laurel with a fresher green  
Fringed the white flash, that marked their hasty  
course.

From crag to crag they leapt exulting hoarse,  
Yet ne'er disturbed the Lake's unsullied brow :  
The prisoned waves lost all their chafing force  
'Mongst channelled rocks : while in the depths below  
The fall reflected gleams, and trees inverted grow.

## XV.

There, on the lofty plane-trees' mottled bark,  
The stately pillars of the vaulted glade,  
A painter's or a poet's eye might mark  
The restless interchange of light and shade.  
Reflected from the dashing waters, played  
The sunbeam there in shadows shifting bright  
(Like gliding snake in glossy mail arrayed),  
And spiral lines of undulating light  
Seemed still to re-appear, when fleeting from the sight.



## XVI.

'Twas there we paused to con some wondrous tale,  
Of fairy land, or days of chivalry,  
Of fierce enchanter, and of damsel pale,  
Of antique love, and old fidelity.  
And, as we read, we vowed to live and die  
Keeping our plighted faith. Not vain such lore  
Which fills the heart with feelings pure and high :  
The World will claim enough, when youth is o'er,  
Howe'er with noble thoughts our souls we store.

## XVII.

And when enthusiast Autumn's thrilling air  
Wrought in our bosoms, then, in merry race,  
We thought it rapture, hand in hand, to dare  
Rush from the hill's steep summit to its base ;  
Or down the glen the eddying leaves to chase.  
Ah! still when dark November strews them round,  
Their dying fragrance prompts me to retrace  
Those early joys : again I seem to bound  
A light, yet thoughtful child o'er that enchanted ground.

## XVIII.

Yes, Autumn, thou to Memory's longing sight  
Hast brought these dearest visions of my soul!  
Parent of passion, Nurse of strange delight,  
All living things confess thy wild control!  
Now, while thy billowy clouds tumultuous roll,  
More pensively resounds the plover's wail,  
The rooks cry hoarser from the elmy knoll:  
On bolder wing the shrieking curlews sail;  
And flocks dart o'er the field, and cattle scour the vale.

## XIX.

Nor less does man thy mystic influence own:  
But chief the Poet: he, whose frame replies  
To Nature's touch with prompter, finer tone,  
Feels most the magic of thy sympathies.  
The diapason of thy harmonies  
Wakes his full soul. Thy pale and stormy gleams,  
The fading pageants of thy vesper skies  
Give colouring best befitting Fancy's dreams!  
Return, my roving song, to Childhood's lowlier themes.

## XX.

Where the full sheaves stood rich in golden grain,  
We loved the motley field to wander o'er,  
Or join the gleaners' busy-stooping train,  
And add our handful to their little store :  
Or to some cot our merry load we bore,  
Well-pleased with draught of milk our thirst to slake,  
And every nook and dark recess explore,  
While the good dame, for our repast, would bake,  
Upon her embers bright, the tempting harvest-cake.

## XXI.

Even Winter its peculiar joys awoke ;  
Where burning weeds sent high their crackling blaze,  
We loved to dart athwart the wavering smoke,  
Which round the beeches hung its silver haze.  
Little we reck'd of fair or rainy days,  
Which cost poor full-grown mortals many a moan :  
All, all is beautiful to childhood's gaze !  
Fine weather in our hearts eternal shone,  
No chilling damps relax'd the body's healthful tone.

## XXII.

Our father's dwelling was an ancient pile ;  
 Huge armour hung the old baronial hall,  
 Where Lady Annes were dimly seen to smile,  
 Or bold King Harries frown'd, big, bluff, and tall.  
 But most we loved the gallery's length of wall,  
 With Scripture's holy records pictured o'er.  
 Ah, happy spot for rocking-horse or ball,  
 Or sportive race along its echoing floor,  
 When deep-embattled clouds their ceaseless torrents  
 pour.

## XXIII.

But Night, oh, Night, how awful was thy reign !  
 Lo, on the mind terrific legends crowd !  
 The dreadful closet's uneffaced stain,  
 The Nun still pointing to her gory shroud !  
 The mystic door, which no access allow'd,  
 Yet on its sullen hinge at midnight swung ;  
 (Stern monitors of murder unavow'd !)  
 The shriek, the thrilling shriek, which once had rung,  
 When all was still, the vaults and corridors among.

XXIV.

What strange unearthly voices too were thine !  
 The raven's croak, the watch-dog's bark profound,  
 Blent with the creaking of the wind-swung pine,  
 The owl's wild sob, that quivering echo'd round ;  
 With many an unimaginable sound  
 From the old walls and crazy galleries !  
 How darkly then the fading arras frown'd,  
 Inwrought with shadowy forms of giant size,  
 Which in the pale light seem'd to move their ghastly  
 eyes.

XXV.

Far from the thoughts, ye Ghosts and Demons, fly !  
 What sounds are those beneath the frosty moon ?  
 With rival force the village minstrels ply  
 The shrieking hautboy and the loud bassoon.  
 Nor you, ye proud, our simple taste impugn,  
 If more delightful to our childish ear  
 Those rustic measures, harsh and out of tune,  
 Than all that Taste and Harmony revere :—  
 Ay still, though critics smile, to memory more dear !

## XXVI.

For, oh, they bring of thoughts a cherish'd throng,  
 The merry dance, the minstrel's song of woe,  
 Which told an uncle's crime, an orphan's wrong,  
 And check'd our smiles, and bade the soft tears flow ;  
 The forfeits gay—the lanthorn's magic show,  
 The Twelfth-night cake in all its pomp display'd,  
 The pleasant mysteries of the mistletoe ;  
 The mimic play, the childish masquerade,  
 The glee, when tittering laugh the quaint disguise  
     betray'd.

## XXVII.

Farewell, ye visions of the past, farewell.  
 What fearful tidings shock my startled ear ?  
 Dead—oh, my sister—is not this the knell  
 Of all that's bright to hope—to memory dear ?  
 Ah! little deem'd I, when I shed the tear  
 O'er woes which Fancy whisper'd might be thine,  
 How soon more bitter drops would wet thy bier,  
 That garlands, meant about thy brow to shine,  
 Would, mix'd with cypress now, thy early grave  
     entwine.

## XXVIII.

Now on my lonely way must I depart,  
And shut my sorrow in my bosom's core ;  
Whatever ties Time brings unto my heart  
Cannot to me a sister's love restore !  
That sweetest bond shall bind my soul no more !  
What said my grief? No force that bond can sever ;  
With thee, beloved, beyond the tomb I soar.  
Farewell to thee—but to thy memory never !  
Farewell—until we meet for ever and for ever !

TO THE DEPARTED ONE.  

---

I FEEL thee nigh,—and yet to thee  
I cannot soar above!  
How near to me—how far from me  
Art thou—my buried love!

Oh, more than seas and rocks are hurl'd  
To part thee from my view!  
The walls of an invisible world  
Are raised between us two!

And so I must go on alone  
In my great misery;  
And nothing but my dying groan  
Can give thee back to me.




## RAIN AND SUNSHINE.



THE sound of the breeze  
In the poplar trees,  
As it shakes the pattering leaves,  
Is like the rain,  
When it pours amain  
In winter upon the eaves.

But the setting Sun  
Is shining on  
Those quivering poplars tall,  
And 'tis sweet I ween  
To see that shene,  
Yet hear as if rain did fall.

STANZAS.  


METHOUGHT, in following Love  
I could not go astray,—  
So like to lights above  
Appear'd his guiding ray!

How did I then take wings,  
By fatal impulse driven,  
Forgetting heavenly things  
Are only found in heaven.

Nor had it ever been  
Presented to my thought  
What mists might intervene  
To change the thing I sought.

O God, if I have err'd,  
This my excuse must be ;  
Excuse! Away the word!—  
Silent, I trust in Thee.

## LINES

WRITTEN AT ANSPACH, 1847.



WHEN the passion of woods comes o'er me,  
When towns to fields restore me,  
Then, in May-morning hours,  
Sunbeams, green leaves, and flowers,  
Great Heaven, how fresh they seem !  
I mark as in a dream  
Twinkling shadows o'er the ground,  
Speckled with light, 'twixt tints embrown'd,  
And my free unreasoning pleasure  
Neither words nor thought can measure.

## LINES

WRITTEN AT HUNSTANTON, NORFOLK, 1848.



## I.

THERE is a dazzle in the air ;  
 The sea slopes up unto the sky  
 So wondrously, we know not where  
 The heavens into the waters die.

## II.

Long lines of dark—long lines of light  
 Are o'er the glittering convex spread,  
 And many vessels take their flight  
 Along those lines of shadow led—

## III.

Scarce-moving ;—for a calm doth reign,  
 A summer-calm o'er sky and sea,  
 And o'er the sloping ocean-plain  
 All moveth hush'd and sleepingly—

## IV.

Yet bright.—As in a beauteous dream,  
Splendour and peace together meet,  
A union of each blest extreme  
Which ne'er on earth each other greet.

## V.

For, in our mortal world, our rest  
Is dull, our motion full of pain,  
And in our highest pleasure's zest  
The tired heart pants for peace again.

## VI.

Then, oh, to pour into my soul  
This Infinite of peace and joy,  
Which, like an unapproached goal,  
Now mocks mine eyes, and doth decoy

## VII.

My spirit to a fond belief  
That, ere Death cloud my mortal view,  
I might be blest, nor know the grief  
Of being glad yet restless too.

TO — — —.



THY smiles are few as gleams in showers,  
When pale November walks the plain,  
And through all seasons and all hours  
Thy being hath a touch of pain.

Yet is thy troubled face more dear  
Than beaming joy unto my soul,—  
It suits my fate of grief and fear,  
Nor mocks the clouds that round me roll.

I am not happy at thy side,  
Yet would not change my place near thee,  
For all that might my lot betide,  
Were Pleasure's self enthroned by me.

## TO MY MAKER.

---

THOU, who alone canst bid be still  
The wild wave or the restless heart,  
Oh, calm the throbbing of my will,  
And teach me only what *Thou* art!



## DESPONDENCY.

WRITTEN AT COMO, OCTOBER, 1847.

---

OH, cease, thou music too divinely sweet  
Or madly thrilling, speak to me no more  
Of sorrows springing up from too much joy,  
Of love and tears, and longings infinite,  
Things that exist no more in my sad life ;  
Call me not back unto the world again  
Of sweet, but dangerous humanity.  
And in this scene thou art more perilous :  
Thy echoes come from hills of misty blue,  
Roll over waves of silver tipp'd with gold,  
And die 'midst orange-groves and citron-bowers.  
This is a land where life is far too full  
For him whose heart is empty—made to feel  
It has capacities for happiness  
Which never can be satisfied.

For me  
Fitter the silence of some dreary heath,  
The chillness of some desert solitude ;  
For joy is such a stranger to my soul,  
Its touch alarms me more than that of grief.

## FRAGMENT.

THE influence of external Nature comes to me,  
Vivid as Truth. The union seems restored  
'Twi't me and Nature—interrupted long  
By inward bitterness. How soothing sweet  
The old familiar feeling! This cannot  
Be felt in cities;—no—nor many miles  
Removed from cities, if too much of man  
Be round us. Haply, 'tis but mountain-born,  
And here 'midst deep and everlasting woods,  
Cradling soft meadows on the mountain-side,  
It comes to me.

## FRAGMENT.

OH hours of bliss—of rare, of heartfelt bliss  
 When God's own universe sufficeth us ;  
 When any touch of highest earthly passion  
 Would be discomfort—out of harmony ;  
 When any Love, but wide diffusive Love,  
 Would be too little for the boundless heart.  
 Oh independent—God-given happiness !  
 But if not rare, then valued not enough.  
 We must to bliss through much of sorrow struggle—  
 Is it not worth th' apprenticeship, though hard ?  
 And how it placeth us in union—  
 In commerce—instant—intimate—with God !

ON POETRY.  

---

WITH thine compared, O sovran Poesy,  
Thy sister Arts' divided powers how faint!  
For each combines her attributes in thee,  
Whose voice is music, and whose words can paint.

WRITTEN ON THE SUMMIT OF CADER  
IDRIS.

AUGUST, 1832.



BEAUTIFUL clouds, ah, whither—whither—  
Spirit-like, do ye stray?  
Beautiful clouds, come hither—hither—  
And waft me on your way.

Beautiful clouds, I see you flitting,  
As, on the mountain's brow,  
Alone with the glory of nature sitting,  
I gaze on the world below!

White as the fleecy snow ye hover  
'Twixt the azure of sky and sea;  
And scarce can the dazzled eye discover  
If clouds or sails ye be.

But, over earth as over ocean,  
Ye are bound with a kindred link ;  
One will seems to guide your airy motion,  
And together ye soar and sink !

Oh what is the bond of your blessed union—  
What glad behest from above ?  
What is your speechless, yet free communion ?  
Oh what is your mission of love ?

Is it to freshen deserts dreary,  
Where the pilgrim faints on the sand ?  
Or is it to waft the soul of the weary  
Away to some starry land ?

Beautiful clouds, late three appearing,  
Into one ye gather now ;  
And now, as if my summons hearing,  
Rise towards the mountain's brow.

Up the ravine, along the torrent,  
Past the blue lake in the cove,  
Ye glide to the peak o'er the glistening current,  
The child of the dews above.

There, like a silvery chaplet wreathing,  
Ye drink of the sunbeams bright,  
The dark rude summit tenderly sheathing  
In a glory of soften'd light.

Beautiful clouds! Again ye sever  
Away, and away, ye fly,  
And rest at length, as if for ever,  
On the edge of the eastern sky.

There, half in light, dissolved and hidden,  
Ye melt, yet your own forms keep,  
As if by very bliss ye were bidden  
To hang in a golden sleep!

Are ye not tranced in a dream of heaven  
In some upper air of the blest?  
Is not to you a bright home given  
Where the spirits of infants rest?

Oh, fair is the world beneath me lying,  
And lovely the ocean blue;—  
Yet far from these I would fain be flying  
To wander, and rest with you!



## AUTUMN, AND MEMORY.

WINTER hath set his feet  
Upon the mountain's brow,  
But Autumn, golden-sweet,  
Is lingering yet below.

Haste then—Memory—haste!  
Ere all that's dear to thee  
Be buried in the waste,  
Come to me! Come to me!

Come; and the clouds shall flush  
Around thy shadowy throne;  
Come;—and the torrent's hush  
Shall speak to thee alone!

The sere leaves, when they yield  
    Unto the tempest's wrath,  
Shall troop from flood and field,  
    Like spirits, round thy path!

And I, more true to thee  
    Than winds, or dews, or showers,  
O Memory, will be  
    Thy vassal at all hours!

Who said—thou canst deceive?  
    Thou art no fond Ideal,  
Like Hope, that makes us grieve,  
    Even when her dreams turn real!

Bright blossoms fade and fall,  
    Light wings are swiftly flown!—  
Thy chasten'd stores are all  
    That we can call our own.

That portion of old Time,  
    We fondly name our Now,  
Is as an idle chime!—  
    Wisdom's sole Spirit, thou!

Repentance is thy child ;  
Thou art the source of tears,  
By which are reconciled  
Our past and present years.

As, from his journey's maze,  
Some hill the pilgrim gains,  
And learns his devious ways  
Along the tangled plains,

Lifted by thee, we trace  
Life's labyrinthine road,  
And Pleasure's erring chase  
Ends in the arms of God !

Oh, lovely are thy hues,  
And fair thy golden fruit,  
All sweetly that confuse  
Earth in one gorgeous suit.

Why quarrel, then, with Time,  
Because he flies so fast ?  
Though all our steps sublime  
More sanctify the Past !

I bless his gentle touch—  
Not that it steals from me  
The pang of grief so much  
As that it leaves me thee!

## SONG.

—♦—  
THERE were two hearts, that ask'd  
More than the world could give,  
And each in silence mask'd  
What in its depths did live!

They met—and sorrow fled—  
The chilling spell was broken!  
And each the other read,  
Before a word was spoken!

They spoke!—and every tone  
Thrill'd rapture as it fell;—  
A language each had heard,—  
But where, it could not tell!

They blended ;—Death came soon !

But, oh, he could not sever  
Hearts, thus twined in one ;—  
So made them one for ever !

## STANZAS,

ON FIRST SEEING WAST-WATER.



YES! I shall carry to my grave  
Th' effulgence of that heavenly light,  
Which shone on Wasdale's steely wave,  
And turn'd it golden-bright!

Dark had the day's drear journey been  
O'er moor, and crag, and frowning fell,  
And, all around a wintry scene  
Of snow, and icicle!

Then what a lightning flash of wonder  
My spirit's life ran thrilling through,  
When cliffs, that seem'd to rend asunder,  
Gave that deep vale to view!

A summer sun—a summer's sky—  
Hills of Italian blue were there ;  
And such a mist as Claude had wish'd  
To make fair things more fair !

And I, o'erwhelm'd with speechless awe,  
An atom on the mountain's brow,  
Yet the sole thought of all I saw,  
Gazed steeply down below !

Far off, gleam'd one faint streak of sea ;—  
And thus that view, so dark—so bright—  
Seem'd of man's life a type to be—  
Bounded—yet infinite !

Oh may I, in Life's wintry sky,  
Perceive a kindred ray of bliss ;—  
One glimpse of glad Eternity,  
As pure, and vast as this !



## SPIRIT SONG.



DARKNESS and storm are met together  
Over the mountain's head—  
On the night-wind hastening hither  
We have sought thy bed :

Though thou slumber in seeming,  
Thou canst not all sleep,  
To the depths of thy dreaming  
Our whispers shall creep.

Though the crash of the thunder  
Should reach not thy ear,  
Yet our scarce-whisper'd voices  
Thy spirit shall hear.

Though the glare of the lightning  
Should pierce not thine eye—  
Yet the gleam of our visions  
Thy soul shall descry.

Above and about—  
And above and beneath—  
We the traveller misguided  
Have left on the heath.

And now we will wilder  
Thy heart and thy brain  
With a dream and a riddle  
Thou shalt not explain.

## LINES

SUBSTITUTED FOR A SATIRE.

—♦—  
ONCE, I was hurt by a hard word;—  
Relief my bosom needing,  
From verse did borrow a sharp sword  
To set another bleeding.

But soon I found that my rash will  
A remedy had gain'd not,  
But that I nourish'd a worse ill  
Than that which conscience pain'd not.

So I, with ruth, that caustic verse  
From out my page have riven,  
And, in its stead, with joy rehearse  
My joy—to have forgiven!

## TO THE LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.



## I.

“As erst thy mountains shelter thee,  
 Thy name is as of yore ;—  
 And yet, fair lake, thou art to me  
 The lake, I loved, no more !

## II.

“Alas ! can streams or mountains make  
 A dwelling for the heart ?  
 When friends familiar haunts forsake,  
 ’Tis time we too depart !

## III.

“I know thee not—thy soul is fled,  
 Thou livest to other men :  
 Restore the lost—awake the dead—  
 And I shall know thee then !”

## IV.

O Windermere ! thus I to thee  
    Pour'd out my pensive strain,  
When I from lands beyond the sea  
    Had sought thee once again !

## V.

It was the hour of evening grey :  
    The lake, like molten glass,  
Gave not a ripple to betray  
    Where truths to shadows pass.

## VI.

The air was still—and more intense  
    Did Silence bind her thrall,  
By sending on the listening sense,  
    A distant waterfall.

## VII.

But, on the pausing and the thrill  
    My words when hush'd did make,  
There came a murmur from the hill—  
    A whisper from the lake.

## VIII.

More audible and yet more clear  
It grew in swelling chords,  
Until it trembled on my ear  
Like voices uttering words.

## IX.

“Mourn not!” (they murmur’d sweet and low)  
“We do not hence depart;—  
We whom you loved—our voices now  
Are breathing on your heart!”

## X.

“Recal thy faith!—O man, be strong,  
Nor sadden this fair shore,  
For ever hallow’d by our song,  
And by our sufferings more!”

## XI.

“Blest are the spots which Genius loved,  
Whose sunset and whose airs  
To joy the Poet’s heart have moved,  
And sooth’d his human cares.

## XII.

“ And blest are they in such abode  
Who pour'd their latest breath  
Harmonious with the plan of God ;  
For such there is no death !

## XIII.

“ Know, then, thy own loved lake again,  
Nor be the dead deplored ;  
For thee awake the mourn'd in vain ;  
The lost are now restored ! ”

## SONG OF EMILY.



“Oh Emily! Unhappy beauty! What a picture rose before me of her sitting on the far-off shore, among the children like herself when she was innocent, listening to little voices, such as might have called her mother had she been a poor man’s wife; and to the great voice of the Sea, with its eternal ‘Never more!’”

DAVID COPPERFIELD, No. xv., page 475.

## I.

NEVERMORE,

Nevermore!

Say the billows by the shore,

Unto me,

Unto me—

Nevermore, eternally!

Nevermore shalt thou be blest!

Weary one, whose sins have bound thee,

Trembling one, whose shame is round thee,

Nevermore shalt thou have rest!



## II.

Nevermore,  
    Nevermore  
Shalt thou wander by the shore  
    To behold  
    Skies of gold  
In thy heart their hues unfold !  
Thou hast darken'd earth and sky !  
    He, the trusted, has betray'd thee.  
    Who shall love thee ? who shall aid thee ?  
Who be near when thou shalt die ?

## III.

Nevermore,  
    Nevermore  
Shalt thou listen, as of yore,  
    For our sound  
    Gushing round  
Thy loved home by ocean's bound !  
In thy bed, when wild winds rave,  
    Nevermore we joy shall bring thee,  
    Or sweet lullabies shall sing thee,  
Though we yet may be thy grave !

## IV.

Nevermore  
Sea nor shore  
Can thy innocence restore!  
Children stray  
Round thy way,  
Gay, as thou too once wert gay!  
Art thou glad amongst them—now?  
Ah! thou might'st have been a mother,  
Happy, making blest another;  
But thou brakest heart and vow!

## V.

Nevermore,  
Nevermore!  
But the billows hush their roar!  
Dying sweet  
At my feet,  
They another strain repeat,  
Soothing to my brain so wild!  
God forgiveth,—God forgiveth,  
Ever, as He ever liveth!  
God was made a little child!

## VI.

Evermore,  
Evermore,  
God to thee will peace restore !  
Only meek  
With pale cheek  
Thy forsaken home re-seek !  
Hasten o'er the ocean foam !  
We, thy comrades old, will bear thee ;  
Lo, a bark we now prepare thee !  
Yes, ye waves, I come, I come !

## LIGHT.

(A COMPANION TO LORD BYRON'S "DARKNESS.")

I HAD a vision, in that dreamy mood  
 Which is not sleep, when the soul's inmost eyes  
 Are open'd on the world unknown. Methought  
 That in the aspect of this mortal earth,  
 And in the seasons that around it roll,  
 There was a change. Winter was fled for ever,  
 And Spring and Autumn, blent in the embrace  
 Of fervid Summer, melted into one :—  
 'Twas bright, unchanging, cloudless Summer all.  
 Old men, whose blood had lost its natural heat,  
 All day were prattling of the pleasant change,  
 As they sat basking in the sun, and felt  
 A genial thaw loosening their frozen veins.  
 The sick look'd up. The very blind had joy,  
 And felt the sunshine through their sightless orbs.

The poor were happy—poor, indeed, no more,  
For food and warmth—life's great necessities—  
Spontaneous came to all. The air itself  
Was clothing, and the universal earth  
A free and lavish banquet.

Thou hast seen,  
Upon the first spring-day, how human life  
Is stirr'd abroad, quicken'd, and made intense  
Around some populous city's pleasant skirts ;  
How the discordant and habitual sounds  
Of labour, are to song and laughter turn'd,  
And hum of busy happiness. 'Twas so,  
Even in my dream,—a vivid flush of life,—  
Light steps, and merry voices. How the young  
Throng'd in the bright green meadows, as even they  
Were stung to fresh existence ! With what joy  
They sprang into the wave, and there, surprised  
With a new sense of pleasure, languidly  
Hung floating on the tepid element,  
As if the waters were another air,  
More bless'd than that of heaven ; then rush'd again  
To active sports, and in a thousand feats  
Tried their glad strength !

Apart the graver sate

In the deep shelter of some aged grove,  
 And held discourse, that match'd the happy time,  
 Of holy love, and sweet expectancy.  
 Some said, the world was on its golden eve  
 Of jubilee, by prophet voice foretold,  
 The radiant sabbath of a thousand years ;  
 That War should break his sword, and Pain and Grief  
 Be as a gossip's tale.

Still more to raise

Aspiring Fancy in her skyward flight,  
 The glory of a comet hung in heaven,  
 In whose bright beams the kindling eye beheld  
 Immortal shapes ! And if a wandering breeze  
 Made all the forest like one sounding lyre,  
 The gifted ear heard songs of angels borne,  
 From some fair region earthward.

Yet there were

Some, who denounced Earth's mighty festival  
 As but the prelude to a fearful woe ;  
 Admonishers, who cried, from time to time,  
 " Beware, beware ! Once was the world destroy'd  
 By water ! Now the doom of fire is nigh !  
 Repent, repent ! " But the foreboding voice  
 Was drown'd in acclamations of more joy,

And the dark-omen'd messengers of ill  
Were shouted forth into the wilderness  
With execration.

But their words had left  
A growing trouble in the souls of men ;  
And, as the day-beam ever brightening shone,  
Pleasure grew languid, languor turn'd to pain.  
Gradual the breezes sicken'd, and the showers  
And dews—ay, even the sweet familiar clouds—  
Came rarer, till they only had a being  
In Memory, and Desire. Low murmurs pass'd  
From lip to lip, while now intenser heat  
Parch'd Nature's shrinking form! Dim tidings came  
From realms, that on Earth's beaming girdle glow,  
Of conflagrations strange,—of blazing reeds,  
And forests, feeding with their resinous gum  
The crackling flame,—of rivers vast as seas  
Gaping like summer brooks,—and Ocean's self,  
With all its naked rocks, a horrid gulf,  
That almost bared the centre of the globe.  
And men ran to and fro, each whispering each,  
“Can it be so? Hast thou observed it too—  
The Sun's enlargement?” hoping each to hear  
Denial of his fears—but none denied!

Then wild empyrics rose, with glozing lies,  
 The children of the terror of the time,  
 Who sold out comfort to the multitude,  
 And talk'd, in babbling terms, of cause, effect,  
 And optical illusion.

For a while

This, and the banquet lull'd the fears of men ;  
 Or torturing labour (for the poor again  
 Were servants to the rich) crush'd out all thought  
 In agony of body ! Thousands toil'd  
 To shield the few from day's distracting glare  
 By all devices Luxury could dream,  
 Or subtle Art create. Vast noble halls  
 Were scoop'd beneath the ground, and the tired eye  
 Reposed within, on cool and chasten'd light ;  
 While waters, fresh from yet unwither'd depths,  
 Went bubbling ever by, and ample fans  
 Mimick'd the wings of Zephyr.

Idle all !

The steps of Fate were on their silent way,  
 And men confest them in their secret hearts,  
 Although they own'd it not !

The very caves  
 Ceased to be shelter, and with stifling air



Drove forth their pale inhabitants, to seek  
Relief in any change.

Desperate, at length,  
As with one impulse, all look'd up to heaven!  
There glared the Sun—enormous—terrible—  
Dilated from its fair habitual round  
To tenfold size! Then burst one mighty cry,  
That gather'd all the voice of all mankind,  
As rush'd the truth upon them, and they knew  
That, like a rudderless ship, the world was driven  
Towards that tremendous continent of fire!  
And larger—larger grew the dreadful orb,  
And nearer still, and swifter as more near,  
The earth sped onward to its flaming doom!  
Oh for one shade of night—one twilight gleam—  
One passing touch of Winter's icy hand!  
Impossible! Light—Light is everywhere!  
Man sees it, feels it, breathes it. Though he close  
His lids, the glare is with him,—though he press  
His hand upon his eyes, no darkness comes!  
All barriers betwixt him and the fierce day  
Are but the veil of summer's gauzy mist.  
If he look down, the Earth is the Sun's glass;  
If he look up, the Sun is all his heaven—

A cope of fire—a circle widening still—  
And blotting out the azure universe!

Yet mortals could not die! With this wild change  
Of Nature's course, their natures too were changed;  
And still they burn'd and burn'd; yet unconsumed  
They seem'd like wandering shadows scarce less bright  
Than the surrounding brightness. Every pore  
Was interfused with fire, till all their frames  
Became the element that was the world—  
The sole survivor of the primal four—  
The grave and shroud of all created things.

This change was only rapture to the Blest,  
Soon as the first strange agony had pass'd,  
And clear'd their spirits from the dross of earth;  
But ever-during torture to the Bad.  
And so they went to meet their awful Judge,  
Whirling through space—already their own Hell.  
The mighty shock of a demolish'd world  
Declared their dread arrival!

Nought remain'd

Of this fair orb. As melts a drop of dew  
That falls on ocean, it had pass'd away  
Into the sea of everlasting fire!

## THE WANT.



IN vain for me, in vain for me  
 The sun, the sun doth shine  
 At evening's hour so winningly—  
 Joy cannot be mine, be mine!

I am not happy, I am not happy ;  
 There is, there is a want  
 For which, for which unceasingly  
 My bosom doth pant, doth pant!

That want it is—a kind, kind breast  
 Whereon, whereon to lay  
 My head when it aches, my heart when it beats,  
 My spirit and soul always!

## THE SUPPLY.



I now am happy, I now am happy :  
I feel that for me 'twas good  
That I should not rest on an earthly breast,  
Nor by mortal be understood.

And the sun is bright, and the valleys are green,  
And the clouds look fair in the sky,  
Because I see, wherever I go,  
The light of a Saviour's eye.

I pant no longer, I pant no longer—  
I lean on the Holy Rood ;  
If I wish for aught, I look up and say—  
“ He will give it me, if it be good.”

## LINES.

—◆—  
It is more joy to pray for thee  
Even than to see thy face,  
Until the day that I be free  
Thy spirit to embrace.

It is more joy at midnight's hour  
For thee a tear to shed,  
Than gather with thee Pleasure's flower,  
Whose leaves so soon are shed.

It is more joy to think that we  
In heaven one day shall meet,  
Than to divide a crown with thee,  
With kingdoms at our feet.

## A BAD MOOD.



ACHING heart, busy brain,  
Be still, be still!  
Why are ye both so restless  
Against my will?

Why turn ye so and tremble  
Towards the pale Past?  
Why on the Future ever  
Sad glances cast?

Why do ye whisper me  
That Love's bright beam,  
Youth's fondest dreaming,  
Was but a dream?

That a true heart existing  
    Only to twine  
Links of delight around me  
    Cannot be mine ?

Why say ye how sweet were  
    Life's bitter draught,  
If with some plant of healing  
    It might be quaff'd ?

That all my stores of knowing  
    And feeling are vain,  
As to the desert  
    The sun and the rain ?

How all my good ever  
    Turns into ill ?  
Why tell me this, and all  
    Against my will ?

Oh, cease ! nor tangle more  
    Life's dreary net ;  
Hope no more, dream no more—  
    Only forget !

## A GOOD MOOD.

No! I would not forget,  
Saviour dear,  
Woe that with tears I wet,  
Or tearless fear.

No! from my memory  
Never be riven  
All Thou hast done for me,  
All thou 'st forgiven.

Love from the darkness springs  
Brighter than bliss,  
And shakes his dewy wings  
Lovelier for this.



Now all Thy gracious plan,  
Perfect through pain,  
With eye abased I scan :  
Dared I complain ?

Nought in my fate would I  
Change or destroy :  
Costly my agony—  
Costlier my joy !

## MY CREED.



I do not bind my thoughts to earth,  
Let me be wrong or right ;  
I have no joy in worldly mirth,  
Yet is my spirit light.

I do believe in one great God,  
As good as He is great,  
Who for us men the earth has trod,  
And felt our being's weight.

A Universalist am I,  
Who think God doth befriend  
All, and will make eternally  
All equal in the end.

## WAIT.



WAIT! for the day is breaking,  
Though the dull night be long ;  
Wait! God is not forsaking  
Thy heart. Be strong—be strong !

Wait! and the clouds of sorrow  
Shall melt in gentle showers,  
And hues from heaven shall borrow,  
As they fall amidst the flowers.

Wait! 'tis the key to pleasure  
And to the plan of God ;  
Oh, tarry thou His leisure—  
Thy soul shall bear no load !

Wait! for the time is hasting  
When life shall be made clear,  
And all who know heart-wasting  
Shall feel that God is dear.

## TO A POET.



SOIL not thy wings!

Thou of th' ethereal race

Whom Genius hallows. Lofty sufferings

Match with thy destiny—but nothing base.

Soil not thy wings!

Remain above—

As doth the summit-snow—

Nor like the idle glacier downward move,

Only to gather stains of earth below.

Remain above!

Even if thou droop,

Thou, in a moment's time,

Mayst soar again above the vulgar group,

By Fancy's aid. Keep, then, thy flight sublime,

And never stoop!

Let others tread  
The grosser paths of life !  
Enough there are ignoble joys to wed,  
Whom Poesy ne'er woke to lofty strife.  
Soil not thy wings !

Take thou the lyre,  
Or pencil—gifts bestow'd  
On thee by Heav'n's high bounty. Thus aspire  
To cast off vile temptation's heavy load !  
Look to thy God !

Soil not thy wings,  
Or they no more will bear thee,  
Oh, never more, to Joy's diviner springs ;  
Sullen Remorse and keen Despair will tear thee.  
Soil not thy wings !

## LINES.



CANST thou melt another's heart ?

Never—never—never !

Unless Heaven a touch impart,

Vain thy wild endeavour.

Canst thou make another love ?

Never—never—never !

Unless Heaven the bosom move,

Nurse despair for ever !

## AN ANSWER.



RAPTURE increasing,  
 Joy never-ceasing,  
 All is delight and forgiveness of sin ;  
 Strife and contending  
 Now have found ending—  
 Mocking without and madness within.

Onward, and onward, and onward for ever,  
 Wearily, drearily, once did I toil.  
 Joy was I seeking—but joy found I never—  
 Only more anguish and deadlier turmoil.

Death, losing terror, makes welcome the grave,  
 Yet life is lovely with all its enjoying !  
 Nothing is lost—God himself comes to save—  
 Nothing destroy'd, and no one destroying.



At my elbow are smiling  
Beautiful eyes ;  
In my ear is a strain  
Out of Paradise.

In quiet  
Through all riot  
My soul is sleeping—  
Out of its horrid curse  
Springs all the universe,  
Smiling and weeping !

Where is damnation ?—  
Man-woven sadness !—  
Hark ! all creation  
Answers in gladness !

“ Sin shall dissolve  
In goodness supernal !—  
Beauty and Joy  
Alone are eternal ! ”

## REPRINTS.



The following poems are reprinted that I may retain in them a vested title, as they have been frequently copied into collections, or newspapers—as the productions of other persons.

## THE LONELY TEAR.



THERE is a joy,—a lonely tear,  
 By none beheld, to none reveal'd,  
 To every feeling heart more dear  
 Than all that wealth or power can yield.

Is other's happiness o'er-cast?  
 It mingles soft with Pity's sigh;  
 O'er the fond records of the Past  
 It slowly streams from Memory's eye.

And, when the silent bosom swells  
    With feelings that we cannot speak,  
By murmuring brooks, in moonlight dells,  
    Oh, then, it trembles on the cheek!

It is the sacred tear that flows,  
    Devotion's humble tribute given,  
When every passion finds repose,  
    And every thought is lost in Heaven.

## SEPARATION.



OH, 'tis one scene of parting here !  
Love's watchword is—" Farewell !"  
And almost starts the following tear  
Ere dried the last that fell !  
'Tis but to feel that one most dear  
Grows needful to the heart,  
And, straight, a voice is muttering near,  
Imperious, " Ye must part !"

Oft, too, we doom ourselves to grieve,  
For wealth or glory rove ;  
But, say, can wealth or glory give  
Aught that can equal Love ?

Life is too short thus to bereave  
Existence of its spring,  
Or even for one short hour to leave  
Those, to whose hearts we cling.

Count o'er the hours, whose happy flight  
Is shared with those we love ;  
Like stars amid a stormy night,  
Alas, how few they prove !  
Yet they concentrate all the light  
That cheers our lot below,  
And thither turns the weary sight  
From this dark world of woe.

And could we live, if we believed  
The future like the past ?  
Ah, still we hope, though still deceived,  
The hour will come at last,  
When all the visions Fancy weaved  
Shall be by Truth impress'd,  
And they who long asunder grieved  
Shall be together blest.

But happiest they whose gifted eye  
    Above this world can see,  
And those diviner realms descry  
    Where partings cannot be!  
Who, with One changeless Friend on high,  
    Life's varied path have trod,  
And soar to meet, beyond the sky,  
    The ransom'd and their God!

## AN EVENING THOUGHT.



REFLECTED in the lake I love  
To mark the star of evening glow,  
So tranquil in the heaven above,  
So restless on the wave below !

Thus heavenly hope is all serene ;  
But earthly hope—how bright soe'er—  
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,  
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair !

## SUMMER EVENING, BY THE SEA.



AMID the west, the light decaying,  
Like Joy, looks loveliest ere it dies ;  
On Ocean's breast the small waves playing  
Catch the last lustre as they rise.

Scarce the blue-curling tide displaces  
One pebble in its gentle ebb ;  
Scarce on the smooth sand leaves its traces  
In meshes fine as fairy's web.

From many a stone the sea-weed streaming  
Now floats, now falls, the waves between,  
Its yellow berries brighter seeming  
Amid the wreaths of dusky green.



This is the hour the loved are dearest,  
This is the hour the sever'd meet ;  
The dead, the distant, now are nearest,  
And joy is soft, and sorrow sweet !



MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.



SONNETS ON THE POLAR EXPEDITION,

CONDUCTED BY SIR EDWARD PARRY.



I.

“WHAT forms of darkness in this world of snow  
Appear?” the spirits of the frozen zone  
Might ask each other, when—a sight unknown  
To their regards—two ships, with motion slow,  
Through the white waste and solid billows go:—  
And now they rest, and, as deep night comes on,  
All signs of life from their huge bulk are gone!  
The stars above—the steadfast plains below—  
Are not more silent! Has the breath of frost,  
Which whitens o’er them in a stiffen’d shower,  
Congeal’d them into trophies of its might?  
Pierce the mysterious calm, ye spiritual host!  
This stillness is the energy of power,  
This darkness but the womb of mental light.

## II.

DARK ship, fast fetter'd in the polar sea,  
O'er whom a half-year's night doth grimly lower,  
The noblest monument of human power  
Fades and is nothing, when compared with thee!  
What veil the pyramids?—Mortality  
In its most loathsome aspect!—Dome and tower  
Oft are but records of some blood-stain'd hour,—  
Some triumph of ignoble tyranny!  
Thy treasures are the living and the brave—  
Hearts that keep watch o'er Hope's pure trembling  
    flame,  
And warmly beat, where Nature's pulse stands still.  
Thou shalt decay;—yet on the glassy wave  
Thy path shall write imperishable fame,  
A nation's wisdom and majestic will.

## III.

MEN prate of solitude in gentle phrase—  
But 'tis an awful power!—Behold her throne  
'Midst ever-during ice,—where even a stone  
The sense of utter loneliness allays,  
As having once been seen in human ways.  
How horrible to wander here alone!  
Instead of mortal voice to hear the groan  
Of parting icebergs! All around to gaze,  
And see for Nature's sweet familiar shows,  
Only her wild illusions—boreal light—  
Mock suns, and spectral shapes!—Yea, here to dwell  
With an associate band, and here repose  
Through the long darkness of one polar night—  
Is fame—is wonder—and a deed of fear!

## IV.

WHAT if they fail'd ? 'Twas glory even to dare  
The proud achievement ! Tens of millions brood  
O'er human life in one penurious mood  
Of paltry thought, and miserable care.  
Then shall not these the palms of triumph wear,  
A guiltless wreath, in slaughter unembrued ?  
For not by their own minds were they subdued,  
But by the banded troops of sea and air.  
Who yield to Nature are true conquerors ;—  
The loftiest war not with the will of God !  
What, if th' Almighty from our baffled eyes  
Closed winter's realm with adamant doors,  
That, being ignorant of our own abode,  
We might revere the secrets of the skies ?



## ON THE CHASM OF SCALE FORCE,

## CUMBERLAND.



WHAT force terrific could have rent the rock  
Into this awful cleft?—I see no more  
Yon slender cataract its waters pour;  
But the triumphant deluge, shock on shock,  
Burst its rejoicing way through granite block,  
And mountain buttress. Lightning goes before—  
Dread pioneer!—Now dies the wild uproar,  
And lo, a wonder, framed as if to mock  
Man's puny deeds—an avenue of stone,  
God's workmanship—o'er which the seasons fond  
Have wrought a mossy vesture beautiful.  
Leads the grand aisle to yonder fall alone?  
Sure there are beings who can pierce beyond,  
And find the temple to this vestibule!

## FAITH AND PATIENCE.

—♦—

“ OH, had I wings to reach yon sunny spot !”  
I cried, as o’er the gloomy plain I pass’d :  
Then spurr’d my steed, and eagerly and fast  
Sped to the glory.—Over grove and cot  
It linger’d as before, and heeded not  
The gathering cloud or monitory blast,  
Till I had reach’d it ; then it fled at last  
And found a home upon the very plot  
Of ground, whence first its golden lure I saw—  
That gloomy plain. Then came a voice from  
Heaven—

“ Poor child of sin, by Hope’s rash impulse driven,  
To whom thy wish is light—thy will is law,  
Learn that to humble Patience joys will come,  
Which headlong Passion *follows* to the tomb !”

## THE LANGDALE PIKES,

ON LAKE WINDERMERE, CUMBERLAND.



I CALL'D ye clouds, ye twin-born mountains,—ye  
Who hold communion both with earth and heaven :  
The airy mists, that o'er your tops are driven,  
Are not, in form, more fancifully free !

But, with those mists as now ye seem to flee,  
My changing thought to you new names hath  
given,—

Steeds of ethereal race, that, at rich Even,  
With bent and arched neck stand quiveringly  
By the Sun's golden gates. Now melting quite  
Into thin air,—now lifting up again  
Your shadowy crests above the silver plain  
Of sea-like clouds, and touch'd by pale moon-light,  
Ships might ye be, to waft the weary spirit  
Unto the calm that it would fain inherit.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING FANNY KEMBLE'S  
BELVIDERA.



I SAW thine eye grow dim with agony,  
I heard thy voice, so musically deep,  
Wake thought and passion from their tranced sleep,  
And breathe a soul of living poesy!  
I felt the pulses of my heart reply  
To thy command, nor could I choose but weep  
When thou hadst touch'd the silent spring of tears.  
Thou art no actress, but a human soul,  
That by its own emotion can controul  
All others. Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,  
Are both thy power and element. Thou art  
A very poet with a woman's heart,  
And this strong truth from weakness thou canst  
borrow,  
That loftiest happiness is born of sorrow.

## RUGBY.

INSCRIBED TO THE LATE DR. ARNOLD.



A NATION'S hope is centre'd in the young ;  
Corrupt the source, forth flows a tainted flood !  
Yet where the nurseries of the wise and good,  
Such as of old in vigorous Athens hung  
Upon the lips of sages ? We, unstrung  
By luxury, raise a weak and selfish brood.  
Yet, in one spot, pure intellectual food  
Prepares the noble heart, the patriot tongue  
For Britain. Lofty honour, stainless truth,  
High friendship, warmest in unsullied youth,  
In one fair classic shade may yet be found.  
For this, and not alone for happy hours  
Of choicest converse, in thy pleasant bowers,  
Rugby, to me thou art as holy ground !

## TO A MUSICIAN

ON HEARING A PIÈCE CALLED "MELANCHOLY."



A SEA dark-heaving, after tempests past,  
About a stranded ship ;—a lingering light  
In a cathedral aisle ;—voices of night,  
That mix their murmurs with an ebbing blast ;  
A still black lake 'midst old decaying woods ;  
A startling death-knell, soon absorb'd again  
In faltering echoes ;—these are in thy strain !  
But thy skill'd hand leads on to deeper moods,  
Which things material cannot typify ;  
And, all thy full sad music to express,  
We must explore our own humanity,  
The spiritual pangs that on existence press,  
Sorrows to which long years have brought redress,  
And a bereaved heart's whole history.

TO THE AUTHOR OF OLIVER TWIST, NICHOLAS  
NICKLEBY, &c.

---

MAN of the genial mind ! to thee a debt  
No usurer records I largely owe !  
Thy portraitures of life so warmly glow,  
They clear the spirit of its old regret,  
And, from the very heart that 's smarting yet,  
At human baseness, bid kind feelings flow.  
'Tis thine our nature's lights and shades to show,  
Redeeming these by those, till we forget  
The evil in the good. Thy vigorous hand  
Smites but to heal, and turns with master-case  
The mighty engine of the popular mind  
To indignation, which shall purge the land  
Of sanction'd sins. For such high services  
I thank thee in the name of human kind !

“ THAT light is loveliest which doth least decay,  
Small though it be, and common to the sight.”  
This thought came o’er me on a troublous night,  
A care-toss’d wanderer, as, amidst the play  
Of the red lightning and the tempest’s sway,  
I mark’d a glow-worm’s soft confiding light,  
Not blown out by the winds, nor suffering blight,  
Serene amidst confusion’s holiday.  
Then was I gladden’d, for methought I saw,  
Made visible, the lamp of some pure soul,  
Fed by the oil of calm continual prayer,  
Humble, yet steadfast in religious awe,  
Which wavers not, though tempests round it roll,  
Though earth be shaken, and the powers of air.



## THE VETERAN TREES.

I FOUR PARTS.



## I.

THEY were the last—those trees—the very last  
Two veterans of a stern primeval race,  
That fill'd with life a melancholy space ;  
Skirting an old pine-forest, dim and vast.  
Nothing had they to bend before the blast,  
But frown'd as fix'd as Desolation's face :  
They were a superstition of the place,  
Say—a religion rather ;—for the Past  
Look'd out so solemnly from all their mien,  
That the axe fell from his uplifted hand,  
Who came to lay them prostrate :—so they stand,  
Communing ever with the great “ Has-been ! ”  
And I beheld them gladly, and I said—  
“ All awe of awful things not yet is dead ! ”

## II.

WHAT are thy dreams, old tree, who hast beheld  
The great pine-forest shrink from thee away,  
Till round thee spreads a desert bleak and grey,  
Where only one of all thy troops of Eld  
May meet thy ken, hoary and age-compell'd  
Almost as thou? Dost thou recal thy play  
With the green earth—thy dalliance with warm May—  
All thy fresh joy, ere Time thy pride had quell'd?  
Why dost thou writhe thy gnarled branches bare,  
Like bony fingers twisted by mute woe?  
Feel'st thou the mystery, and the burthen dread  
Of thy long years;—and wouldst thou on thy head  
Invoke the storm, that lays the young grove low,  
But passes thee—as Death will pass Despair?

## III.

L L L

Do they converse across the midnight waste—  
Those solitary trees? Methought I heard  
The misty air around them faintly stirr'd,  
As though a voice were on the silence cast,  
Which murmur'd low—"Where is our glory past?  
Where are the heroes, who were glad to gird  
Their strength near ours, or give the battle-word  
Beneath us? Now our clarion is the blast—  
And our sole banner the autumnal cloud!  
We are the last—and we are all alone!  
The very birds flit by us, and are gone  
Without a greeting;—save when, hoarse and loud,  
The raven cries above us, and delays,  
Seeming to chide our weary length of days."

## IV.

BUT then a graver voice was borne along :—  
“ Yes ! We are weak !—but for our crown of power  
Something we have more fair than fruit or flower !  
Time brings sweet recompense for every wrong  
He doth us. . . What, if once the battle-throng  
Was swept from us, as each had been a tower,  
Ourselves are conquerors now !—We have for dower  
The very heart of man !—Our rule is strong  
In love, and fear, and holiest memory !  
Prayer garments us around !—The aged serf,  
Who sees our lofty struggle with the storm,  
Claims kindred with us ;—and our bordering turf  
And solemn boughs for him a temple form,  
Where unto God he kneeleth reverently !”

## THE NEW MOUNTAIN CEMETERY,

IN THREE SONNETS.



## I.

## THE FEAR.

THERE was a village—lonely as a sleep—  
Whose burial-ground was fill'd with many a race  
Of by-gone men ;—and so another space  
Was clear'd amidst primeval forests deep,  
In stirless rest the future dead to keep.  
Great Heaven, how still and awful was the place !  
Death's dreary shadow dwelt upon its face  
More than on churchyards, festering, heap on heap,  
With some great city's rank funereal spoil !  
The four bare walls—the pale and clodded ground,  
Soon to be cumber'd with a ghastlier soil,—  
The pines that stood like solemn mourners round—  
Gazing on these, men felt a secret fear,  
And murmur'd to themselves—“ Who first shall slumber here ?”

## II.

## THE CONSOLATION.

MILD is the will of God, and free from scorn  
Of human weakness!—Tenderly began  
The mountain churchyard's offices to man.  
Twin-babies first—then one with age outworn—  
Thither to hallow'd sepulture were borne.  
Extremes met kindly there—years that o'er-ran  
Enjoyment—and the small, but precious span  
Fraught with existence, yet untaught to mourn.  
And so the earth, unfetter'd from its dread,  
By those three graves with gentle thoughts was crown'd,  
And, when sweet Spring her turf and flowers had spread,  
And woke the birds' glad music, all around,  
Then, from a terror, did that spot become  
Sorrow's great joy—a fond desired home!

## III.

## THE BEATIFICATION.

BEYOND that churchyard's walled boundary,  
One golden vista open'd to the west :  
There saw I once the setting sun invest  
Heaven with a glory, which, methought, must be  
Permanent somewhere, and not made to flee  
With flying clouds—one of God's thoughts that rest  
Eternally with spirits of the blest.  
What tracks of wonder open'd endlessly  
Into the sky !—Earth, too, in lustre shone,  
And the dark pines were girt with solemn fire.  
Then did these words upon my lip expire—  
“ The grave hath glorious vistas of her own ! ”  
And that lone churchyard seem'd unto mine eyes  
Bright as the very gate of Paradise.

TWO SONNETS IN REMEMBRANCE OF A VISIT TO  
FURNESS ABBEY, 1843.

I.

INSCRIBED TO DERWENT COLERIDGE.

DAYS have I known, whose happy memory  
I would not lose for mines of endless gold ;  
Days, which, unlook'd for, cast not in the mould  
Of our intent, come to us bright and free  
As God's own bounty. Such was that to me  
When, in the ruin'd aisles of Furness old,  
Derwent, we met ;—and those grey walls did hold  
A chance-composed, harmonious company.  
There, even as the great majestic fane  
Was reconstructed by thy antique lore,  
Old friendships for the heart were built again  
Out of the crumbling years of heretofore !  
And one was there—grand as those walls to see—  
A sample of sublime humanity !



## II.

## PROFESSOR WILSON.

HE sate amidst that vast and solemn pile,  
In all so like it, save in its decay,—  
Call back the glories of its mellowest day,  
When Time had soften'd, yet enrich'd the while,  
Pillar and pinnacle and cluster'd aisle,—  
Then gain an image of his mind's array!  
The seasons that had touch'd his hair with grey,  
Had but matured his spirit's lofty smile,  
And sorrow had exceeding beauty wrought  
Within his soul. The shadow and the gleam  
Of his rich words came restful on the thought,  
As on those ruins day's reposing beam,  
And, when he went, a Presence had departed  
From out the place, and I was lonely-hearted.

## ON THE PLAYING OF HENRY VIEUXTEMPS.



WITH music great as glorious poesy,  
Vieuxtemps, thou dost exalt material things ;  
It is not sound that trembles from thy strings,  
But light, and love, and summer fragrancy !  
How was my spirit fill'd in listening thee !  
I dreamt of rustling leaves, and gushing springs,  
Of murmuring bees, and birds on happy wings,  
Lulling the forest with their minstrelsy.  
That mood is past !—Madness divine hath taken  
Thy poet-soul. The world of rushing sound  
Is moved before thee, and the air is shaken  
With storms of harmony. Then, more profound,  
Thy strains, shed dew upon the weary brain,  
And give the aching heart its youth again.

THE HAGUE,

*July 7, 1845.*

## ON SEEING THE WINGED BULLS IN THE LOUVRE.



CALM with the might of Godhead do they seem,  
Those lofty forms of ancient Nineveh !  
Emblems of Thought Eternal, and the sway  
Of great Idea—they the Past redeem  
From the benighted umbrage of a dream,  
Which feigns that God not always on our clay,  
Nor everywhere, did shed a glorious ray,  
Filling Creation with one solemn theme.  
Yet cold are ye, impassive Deities :  
There is no pity in your gaze of stone,  
No sweet regard for human joy or moan ;  
Unto yourselves ye are so strong and wise !  
Nothing there is in you that looks on us  
With those dear eyes that wept o'er Lazarus !

ON SEEING LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ,  
EVERYWHERE WRITTEN IN FRANCE.



GREAT Nation, wherefore lead by futile words ?  
 Liberty—'tis but the result of Law—  
 No principle—no fountain of deep awe !  
 Equality—God made not ! He affords  
 Throughout Creation low and lofty chords,  
 And minds doth of a million patterns draw.  
 Fraternity !—That word indeed might thaw  
 Our hearts to warm approval. Yet base hordes  
 May join to barbarous ends. Ere we admire,  
 Fix in what sense we speak of brotherhood.  
 There is fraternity of ill and good !  
 Are watchwords wanting ? Let us seek them higher !  
 Cheer on the world with Order—Love—Degree—  
 But not with sounds that echo doubtfully.

AFTER VISITING THE MUSÉE HISTORIQUE,  
VERSAILLES, 1850.

---

MY Country! I am proud that not in show  
But with the grasp of warm reality  
Thou hold'st the records and high memory  
Of deeds that o'er the Past sublimely glow!  
Thy history is written on thy brow  
More than on marbles ranged sumptuously.  
Thou makest no parade of being free,  
But art so—and thy Liberty doth grow  
From Order. Other lands may glitter more.  
Plainness and Substance suit thee! Pleasures press  
More warmly bright round many a brighter shore;  
But Pleasure is not Peace—and Heaven I bless,  
Who hath not placed thee radiantly down-trod  
Beneath the baleful feet of this world's god!

## RAILWAYS.

—♦—

ELECTRIC Line of thought connecting Man  
Each unto each in wondrous brotherhood!  
Chain of fraternal Love—as strong as blood  
Which through all nations in one current ran  
When first the mighty stream of life began,  
—How canst thou then be anything but good?  
I hail ye, Railways!—If not understood  
As poetry, ye leave us in the van  
Of truth!—Ay, even the laying bare the steps  
And foot-prints of the Almighty as we cleave  
Through strata deep—is an Apocalypse  
Of wonder, that the spirit doth upheave  
Sky-ward. At once ye link us with the Past,  
And with some Social Æra coming fast!

## SOCIALISM.

A LOVELY name is Socialism—I  
Would wish a mighty Socialism of the mind!  
A wide embrace and blending of mankind  
Into intense and boundless charity!  
But others' goods to look on with an eye  
Of coveting—is not a bond to bind!—  
Order—Degree to break is but a blind  
For selfish ends, and love of Anarchy.  
No! If the rich must strip them of their store,  
Let it be of free-will! We hate the hand  
That plunders us perforce—only a band  
Of Love can make the world an equal shore.  
He in whom Order hath with Freedom kiss'd  
Expansive—is a righteous Socialist.

## THE NILE.\*

## I.

A THOUSAND dreams are in thy very name,  
O Nile!—Its sound alone unto the soul  
Unwinds the book of ages like a scroll—  
Strange structures greet us of a cloudy fame  
And a strange nature no-where else the same.  
Thy broad sun sets behind some statued sphinx ;  
If stir the reeds about thy river-brinks  
The crocodile hath moved its monstrous frame—  
Or thou canst lift the orb'd Fancy's lid  
To view the vast sand-pillars take their birth  
From the fire-red Simoon—Or thou shalt bid  
The long-long caravan its slow way thrid  
Across the desert : led through toil and dearth  
By human longing after more than earth.

\* In the "Life and Letters of Keats" (edited by R. Monckton Milnes), three sonnets are given—by Keats, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt—to the river Nile. I was induced to add two more on the same subject.



## SAME SUBJECT.

## II.

ALL thoughts are great, O Nile! concerning thee,  
Thou pulse of life amidst a desert land!  
Thou, with thy stern and monumental strand  
Thyself a monument—more durably  
Wedding past ages to the things that be—  
By thy soft wave—than even the sternest band  
Of great memorials battling with the sand  
Heap'd from six thousand years. Deep mystery  
Is round thy birth-place. Danger is its guard.  
Yet he who reach'd thy source saw nothing more  
Than a turf altar and a peaceful sward—  
Whence, in eternal youth, thy waters pour  
A nation to create and to befriend—  
Simplest beginnings have the mightiest end.

## ON HEARING POETS CALLED DREAMERS.



NOT active—gracious Heaven!—His life a dream  
The Poet's!—He could well repay your scorn  
If in his heart a feeling so forlorn  
As scorn could be. It is to him do seem  
Your doings flimsy as the pale moon-beam—  
Your object what?—The ant doth store her corn  
For Winter's need—the worm, to be reborn,  
Spins tombs of gold.—But with the little gleam  
Of a brief summer all your works are spent.  
Oh, could you know unto the poet-soul  
How poor is all that is not permanent,  
Ye on yourselves your own contempt would roll.  
It is a doom too weary—thinketh he—  
To toil for less than an eternity!

## THE RIGHT OF POETS.



WHY pardon we the thought in poetry.  
That jars against our own? We say indeed—  
“’Tis but a poet speaks. Then why take heed?”  
And yet methinks that, while we thus deny  
The poet’s voice, his words sink thrillingly.  
We pardon him—’tis much—and we concede  
Prescriptive right to him all themes to plead,  
And speak aloud in tameless liberty—  
This is in truth a charter precious!  
Is our fear mute?—’Tis verse unties the tongue.  
“’Tis but a poet! We’ll be generous!”  
And so men listen with their pride unwrung!  
But all the time there is a fibre stirr’d:—  
The voice of inspiration must be heard!

TO —



THOU art not beautiful. Thy cheek is pale,  
And calm and sad—and humble is thy mien!  
No state sits throned upon thy brow serene.  
Thou art not eloquent. Thy lips avail  
Only to utter the heart's simplest tale,  
Such as from old memorial Time hath been,  
And so thou art unheard—unknown—unseen—  
A peaceful dweller in Life's lowly vale.  
'Tis well. Be beautiful for me alone!  
Only for me exhale thy soul's rich dower  
In mystic shade,—like that unboastful flower  
Which, through all hours the sun doth look upon,  
Breathes out no fragrance :—but, when night is come,  
Sheds balmy odours and makes glad the gloom.

✓✓

WITH feelings so composed of old and new  
As his—some mourning child of wild unthrift—  
Who, from an antique drawer, or darkling rift,  
Should bring a long-forgotten gem to view  
Worth all his lost and scatter'd revenue ;  
So I my heart and hands to Heaven uplift  
For thy great love's inestimable gift  
Set by for my great need. Bright soul and true,  
How hast thou brought my deep indebted life  
Into large room and happy solvency,  
From what enslaving bondage set me free,  
How reconciled old feelings long at strife !  
How blest am I, who, through thy Love's delight,  
Regain my trust in all things fair and bright !

MEN say that Love is blind. Oh, much mistaken!  
He is clear-sighted as the crystal eyes  
That watch at midnight in unclouded skies!  
Is he not quick to note when faith is shaken!  
Are there not chords which Love alone can waken  
In any breast? Are there not mysteries  
Read only by Love's light? The wealth that lies  
In humble hearts would be a mine forsaken,  
Without his guiding lamp. But thus it is.  
What men call Love is but Love's counterfeit.  
Oh, how unlike to him!—yet apt to cheat  
The spirit with a false-presented bliss,  
That, centring not in the immutable mind,  
Is darkness all. Not Love, but Lust is blind.

NOR is Love vanity! Oh, rather say  
That all beside is vanity on earth!  
Tell me huge Glory hath a narrow girth,  
Call Wisdom idle—Pleasure, Wealth, and Sway,  
Ill beds whereon an aching heart to lay,  
And I will own them valued to the worth.  
But the sweet comrade of our household hearth  
Takes not his stand with attributes of clay,  
Or the dull shows of circumstance and time.  
He is a substance 'midst the shadowy strife  
Of outward form—a life within our life,  
Enduring ever in eternal prime.  
Have I writ false? Beloved, my witness be!—  
I have but written what I read in thee.

Not stately is my Muse. And yet I ween  
That she to many a heart will softly creep  
More than a goddess, who, with lofty sweep,  
And all accompaniments of awful mien,  
Fears in an undress garment to be seen.  
And, lest she in pedestrian measures creep,  
Strains up the mount of language rude and steep,  
High above green vales and the twinkling shene  
Of little humble brooks. Oh, my loved song,  
Be warbled to my own heart, it to cheer,  
And haply it may be, Inspirer dear,  
Thou may'st glad others. Thus much doth belong,  
At least, to thee—thou dost not pant and strain  
Lest thou shoulds't fall into a common vein.



## TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.



Who plucks out reverence from the hearts of men  
Robs them of Heaven!—Ah, then, when monarchs err,  
Sadly to human wants they minister!  
And just as ill the bad disloyal pen,  
That clouds the kingly crown to mortal ken!  
No!—Let us rather weakest love prefer  
That clings to Faith as drowning mariner  
To his frail bark!—But, oh! how happy, when  
Reason, and Love, and Honour, reverently,  
Have crown'd a ruler on the bosom's throne,  
Victoria, as worthily as thee!—  
Not thy dominion dost thou bless alone,  
But sendest a sweet message o'er the sea  
Unto all lands—"Dead is not sovereignty!"

## TO THE MEMORY OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.



KING, who would'st not cement thy throne with blood,  
Far nobler wert thou, in my soul's esteem,  
In thy pale exile and thy clouded beam,  
Than when thy glories spread from flood to flood  
Of either ocean, and thy wisdom stood  
The Atlas of the world!—Many may stream  
A fitful splendour on life's little dream:—  
The grandeur and the courage to be good  
Belongs to few.—And what if in a mind,  
Greater than one in many millions, crept  
Some weaknesses?—Do we not ever find  
Such paradox in man?—True hearts have wept  
Over thy bier; and History doth guard  
For thee her future and her rich reward.

SUMMER.  


THE year's fresh youth becomes its manhood soon.  
Full foliage of a deepening green, yet new,  
Warm-breathing grass—flowers of all scent and hue—  
These are thy attributes, O vigorous June!  
If yet no storms obey the rising Moon—  
If thy fair path by no disgrace be cross'd,  
Heat premature or late unnatural frost,  
Then art thou to the Earth a precious boon.  
And so indeed is Man's estate to Man,  
When Youth has been from blight and canker free,  
When passions, mighty both to bless and ban,  
More serve than rule,—when roses manifold  
(And who would wish them thornless?) deck the tree  
Of joy,—and all Life's hues are free and bold!

## AUTUMN.

SEASON of richest skies, I love thee best,  
Full-thoughted Autumn! and at shut of day  
Thy solemn gates subdue me to thy sway!  
I see thee in the myriad-tinted West  
Mirror'd upon the lake's expansive breast,  
As Heaven in spiritual bosoms that array  
Life's parting hours in God!—Thou ebb'st away,  
// Not fading—but enkindling into rest!  
Winter, 'tis true, behind thy dress doth lour:—  
But 'tis that very thought doth give thee might.  
Who would not rather choose one glowing hour,  
Than thousands colour'd by a common light?  
Even meanest things are loved when near to die,  
Then how much more thy bounteous sovereignty!

## SONNET TO M—



FROM stormy passions that have vex'd my life,  
Like whirlwinds sweeping o'er a tropic sea,—  
From vain affections—misplaced sympathy,  
With nothing but unbounded mischief rife,  
Foul disappointment, and heart-humbling strife,  
Sweet friend, my wounded spirit turns to thee!  
To thee—who, in my great calamity,  
When Fate hung over me with whetted knife,  
Didst draw unto my side with holy love,  
The lone one comforting! To thee I turn  
For the best joy that in its welling urn  
This life can hold—for gentle thoughts that move  
Within two breasts a sympathy unstriven—  
A human interest—looking on to Heaven!

LONDON :  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

